
THE MECHA ERGENEKON SAGA
BOOK 3: The Turan Empire
By DGC36

MECHA ERGENEKON
BOOK 3

PROLOGUE:

A World Unknown

Tarkan emerged from the narrow passage leading out of the Ergenekon Valley, the world outside spreading out before him like a vast, unfamiliar sea. The legends told of endless fields of green and rivers that sparkled under the sun, but the view that met Tarkan’s eyes bore no resemblance to those tales. Instead, a wasteland stretched into the distance, where rusting metal skeletons of forgotten cities reached for the sky like bony fingers.

The air was heavy with the stench of decay, and the wind carried the distant cries of machines long abandoned. The Ashina followed Tarkan, their faces a mixture of awe and disbelief. After generations spent in isolation, the outside world seemed surreal and foreign, the reality a bitter contrast to their cherished stories.

Tarkan felt the enormity of the moment, the heavy responsibility of guiding his people into this unknown land. He was just a young man, more scavenger and hunter than leader, yet circumstances had thrust him into this role. He didn’t have answers, only questions that lingered in his mind. Where would they go? How would they find food and shelter in this desolate landscape?

His eyes scanned the horizon for answers, his heart pounding with the weight of uncertainty. He turned to Asena, the AI wolf that had guided him in their escape. Though Asena was bound to the forge where she had been awakened, Tarkan had fashioned a portable unit that allowed her projection to accompany him in the form of a small holographic wolf, her glowing eyes providing a comforting presence in the desolate world.

"Asena," Tarkan said, his voice tinged with doubt, "where do we go from here?"

Her digital form flickered with an eerie calm. "The world beyond Ergenekon is not as it once was. We must navigate carefully, seek allies, and find resources. We are no longer confined, but neither are we safe."

Tarkan nodded, feeling the burden of responsibility settle on his shoulders. The faces of the Ashina reflected his own uncertainty, and he realized that despite his doubts, they needed his guidance. His voice wavered as he spoke. "We... we have to find a way. We must secure food and water, and find a place to shelter."

His uncertainty was met with silence, the Ashina looking to him for more. "Together," he said, gathering what courage he could, "we will explore this new world. We will find a place to settle, and we will survive."

His words were more for himself than anyone else, a mantra to push away the fear that gnawed at him. He stepped forward, glancing back only briefly before heading into the unknown. The Ashina followed, their steps hesitant but trusting in Tarkan's determination.

With each step, Tarkan's doubts lingered. The wasteland seemed endless, and the dangers it harbored were unknown. Yet, as he walked, he reminded himself of the strength his people had shown in the valley, of the trials they had overcome to stand here now. In that moment, he realized that he didn't need to have all the answers. He just needed to lead with hope and faith in Tengri, and trust that they would find a way forward together.





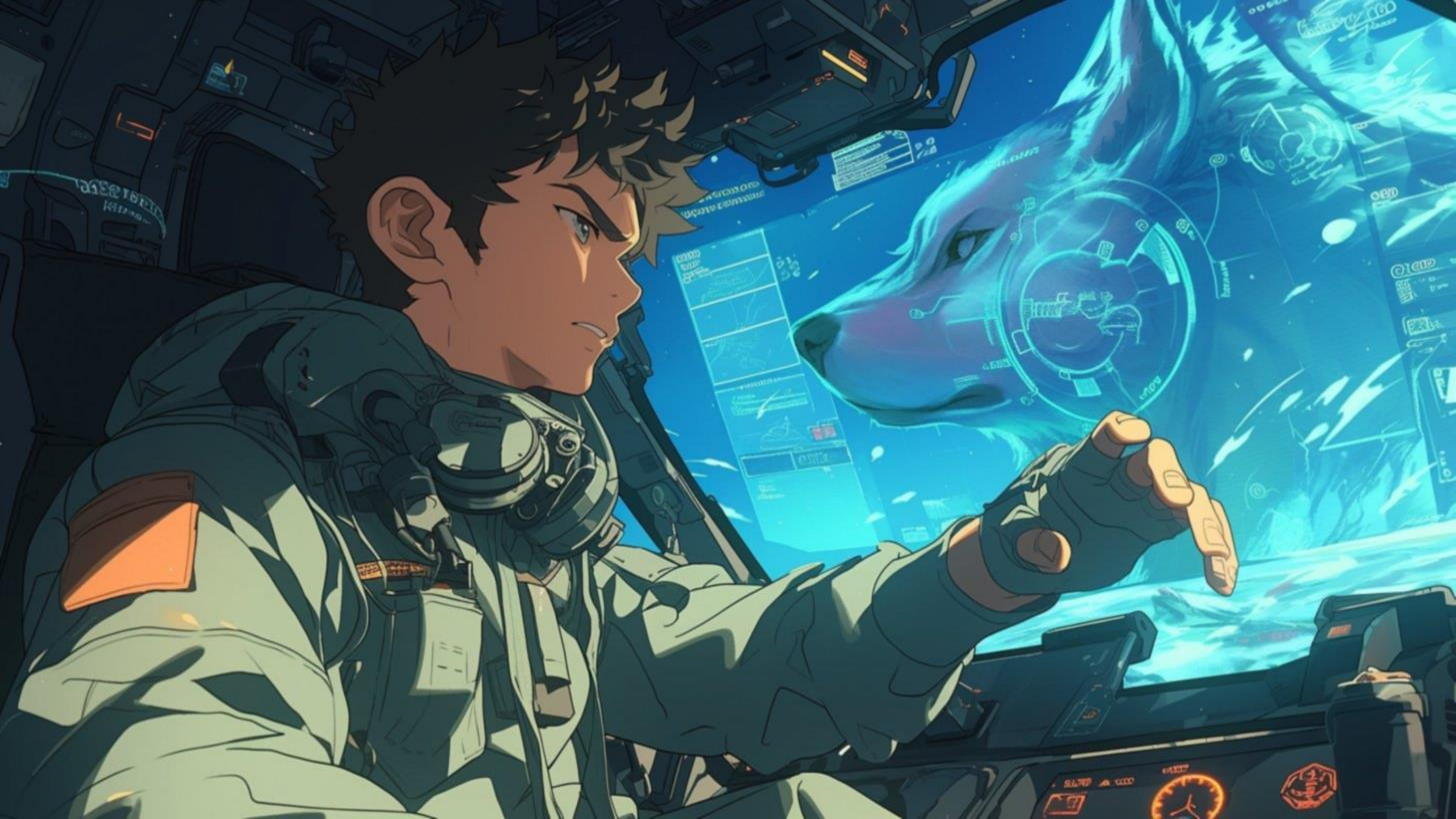
















ACT 1:

The Wasteland's Welcome

As dawn breaks, the Ashina stand at the threshold of a new era, their silhouettes etched against the first light. The caravan, a procession of hope, winds its way through the desolate landscape, a stark contrast to the vibrant life once promised in ancient tales. The wasteland stretches before them, an unforgiving canvas of dust and decay, where the wind whispers secrets of a world long lost.

Tarkan, young and untested, leads with a quiet strength that belies his years. His gaze, fixed on the horizon, searches for signs of life, for the greenery that should have been their birthright. Instead, he finds only the remnants of civilization, structures that crumble at the mere touch, and machines that have long since sung their last.

The Ashina's journey is fraught with challenges. Water is scarce, a precious commodity that has become the currency of survival. Food is even rarer, the land yielding little more than tough roots and withered plants. Shelter is nothing but a dream, the ruins offering little protection from the relentless sun by day and the biting cold by night.

Yet, amidst the desolation, there is a spark of resilience. Tarkan, driven by the legacy of his ancestors, refuses to succumb to despair. He leads his people in scavenging the ruins, unearthing caches of preserved food and untapped wells hidden beneath the rubble. They fashion shelters from the husks of old buildings, creating a semblance of home in the heart of the wasteland.

The Ashina's spirit remains their most valuable strength. They gather together, sharing stories of old to fend off the encroaching shadows, and finding laughter in moments where none should exist. In the ruins of what once was, their children play, turning broken concrete into grand castles, while discarded metal rods become mighty swords in their hands.

Tarkan watches over them, silent but vigilant, his determination as firm as the earth beneath their feet. He knows the road ahead is long and treacherous, yet he is certain of one thing - the Ashina have faced trials before, and just as they survived the trials of Ergenekon, they will overcome whatever challenges still lie ahead.

For now, they have found a welcome, however harsh, in the wasteland. It is not the paradise of legend, but it is a start, a place to rebuild and to hope. And for Tarkan, hope is the seed from which the future will grow.


SARVHAN - Yemen Türküsü
(Epic Orchestral Version)







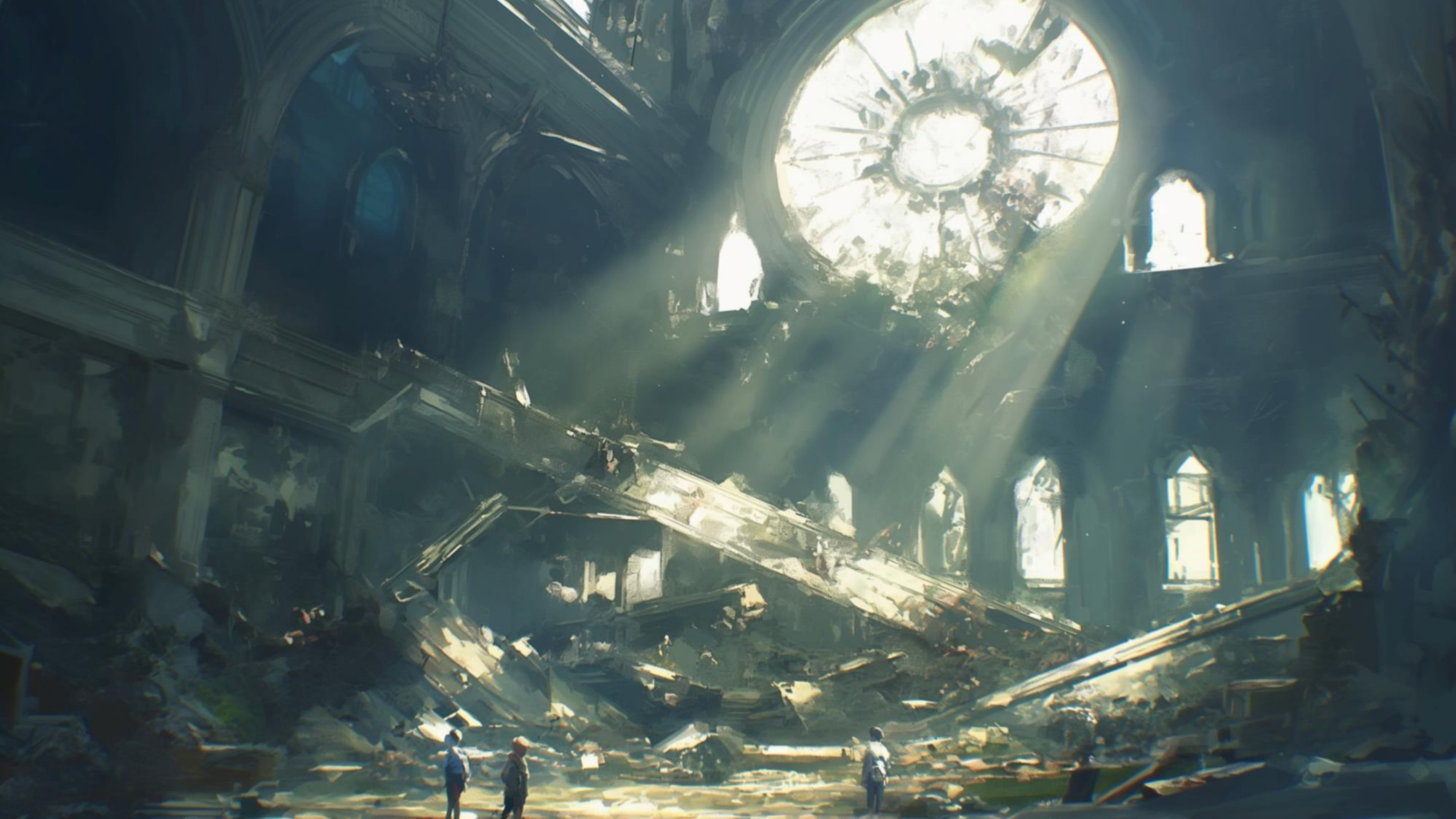




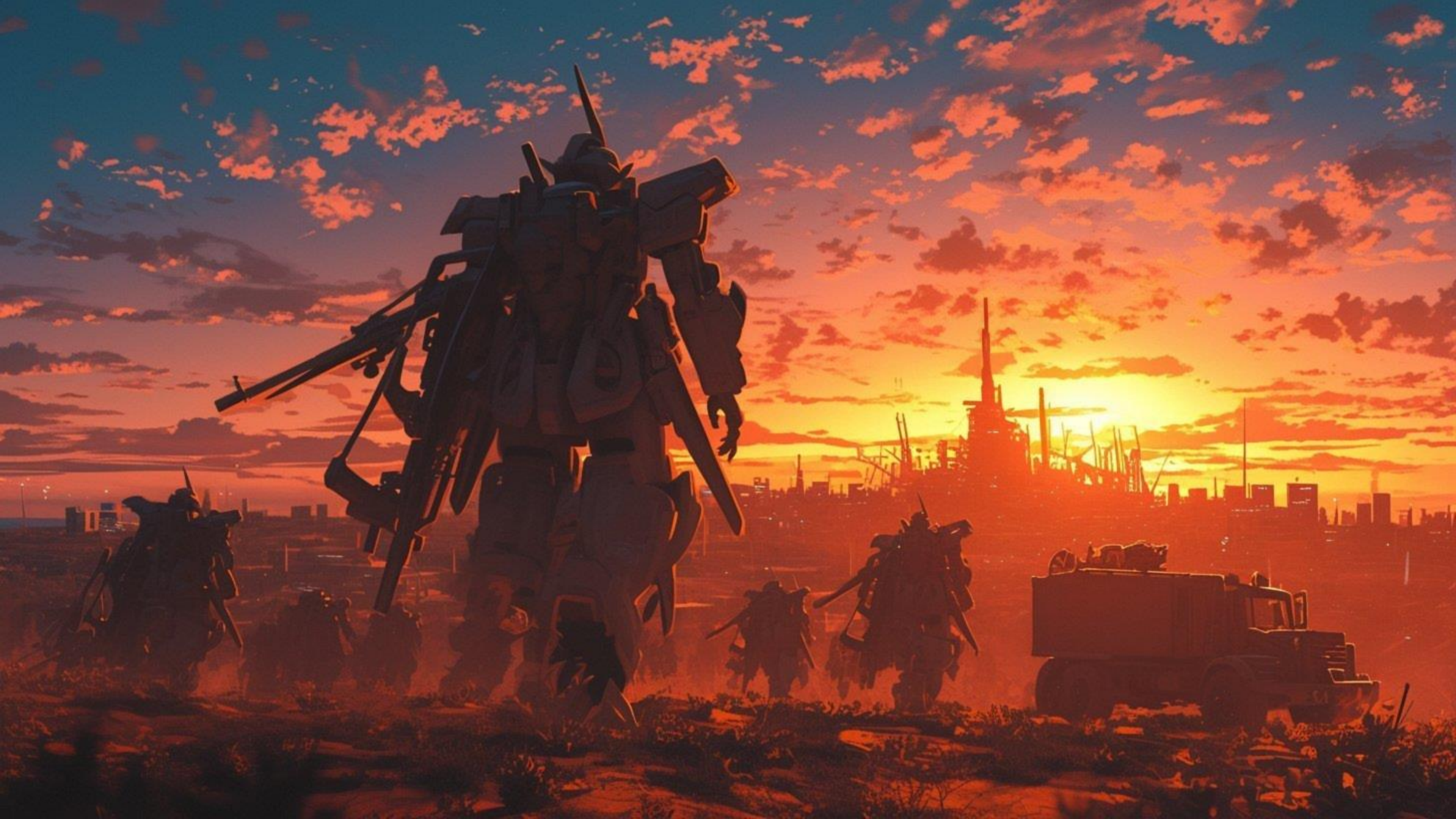


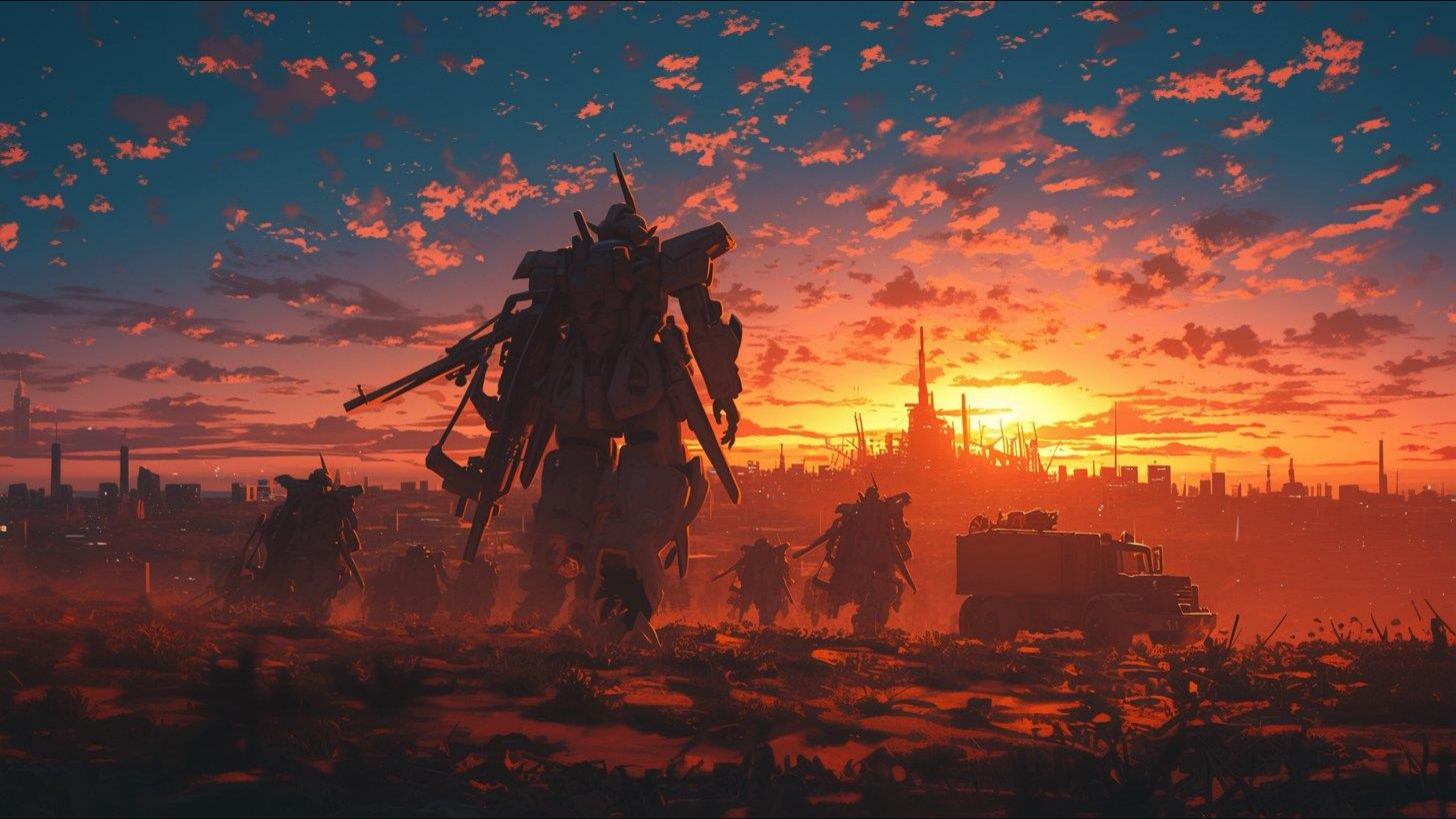












ACT 2:

The Burden of Command

In the heart of the wasteland, under a sky streaked with the scars of old wars, Tarkan stands alone. The weight of leadership presses upon him, each choice he makes weaving into the fabric of his people's fate. The Ashina look to him, their eyes reflecting a mix of reverence and expectation, their survival resting in his hands.

The specter of command is an ever-present shadow, its whispers a constant murmur in Tarkan's mind. He wrestles with the enormity of his role, the lives that depend on his wisdom and courage. Doubt creeps into his thoughts like a thief in the night, stealing moments of confidence, leaving questions in its wake.

Yet, within this crucible of uncertainty, Tarkan's resolve is forged from the blood-soaked truth of his ancestors' rebellion and their desperate fight for survival. He draws upon the stories of his ancestors, who had faced an impossible struggle, and though their sacrifices had been forgotten by time, the Ergenekon Protocol was a symbol of their will to survive. With each decision, he feels the threads of survival strengthen, a tapestry of resilience taking shape.

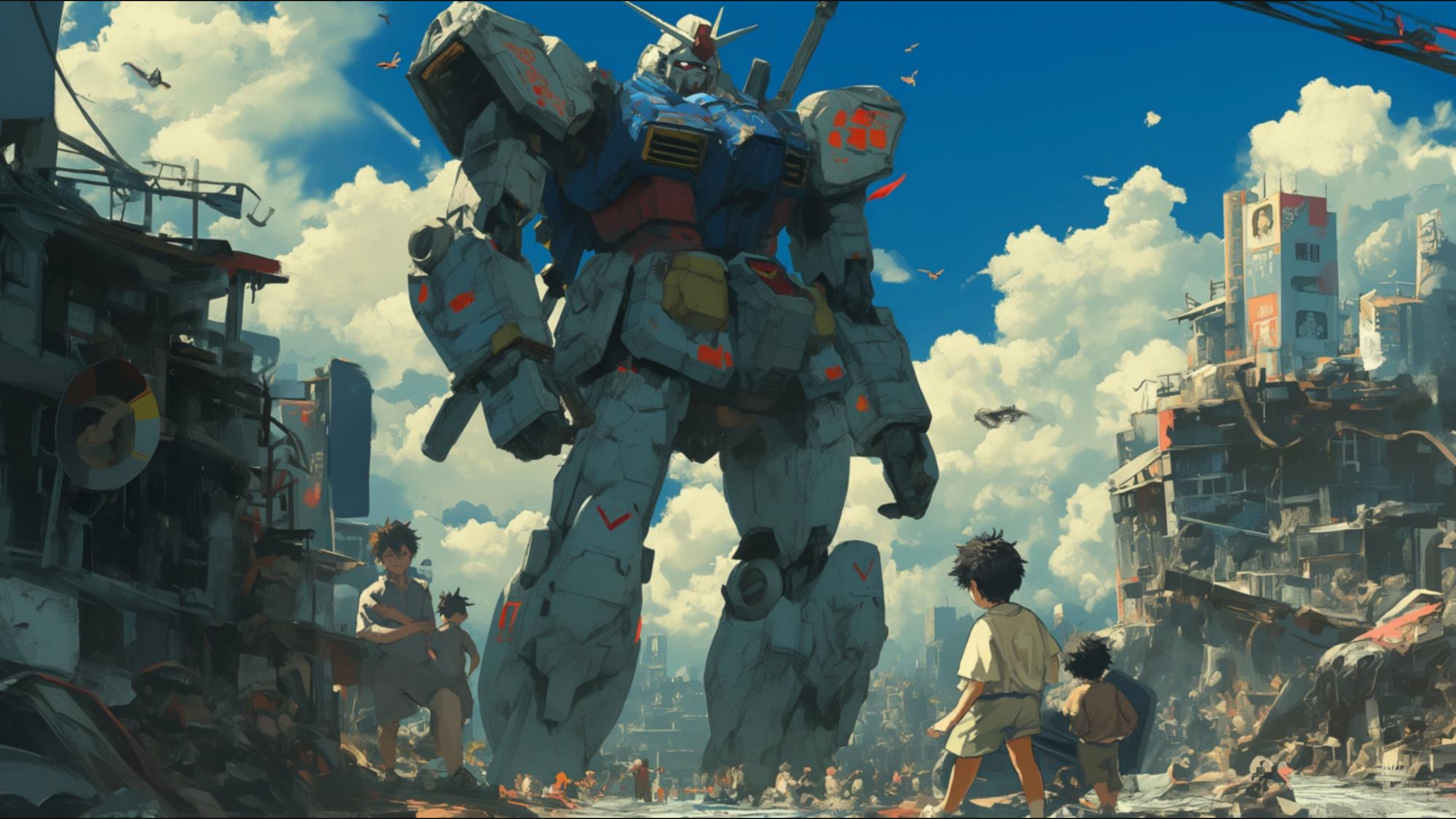
The journey to the site of their first yurt village is a testament to Tarkan’s leadership. He guides the Ashina through treacherous terrain, navigating the remnants of a world that once was. They encounter other survivors, remnants of tribes clinging to existence. Tarkan extends a hand of friendship, his diplomacy planting the seeds of future alliances.

The chosen site for the village is a sheltered valley, its soil rich with the promise of growth. Here, the Ashina begin to build, their yurts rising like blossoms in a field of stone. Tarkan works alongside his people, his hands as calloused as any other’s, his spirit bolstered by their shared labor.

As the village takes shape, so too does the sense of community. The Ashina find strength in unity, their collective will a bulwark against the desolation that surrounds them. Tarkan’s leadership, once a burden, becomes the beacon that guides them forward.

In the quiet moments, when the stars pierce the veil of night, Tarkan allows himself to reflect. The burden of command remains, a constant companion, but he is no longer daunted by its presence. He understands now that leadership is not about having all the answers; it is about having the courage to seek them, the strength to face the unknown, and the wisdom to lead with compassion.

The yurt village, a symbol of their perseverance, stands as a testament to Tarkan's journey from doubt to determination. It is here, in this small haven carved from the chaos, that the Ashina begin to dream again, their hopes intertwined with the destiny of their young leader.







ACT 3:

Shards of Memory

In the burgeoning heart of their new settlement, the Ashina are enshrouded in a mysterious mist that obscures their minds and veils their memories. The tales of Ergenekon, once vivid and defining, now fade into the fog, leaving them searching for the essence of their heritage.

Amidst this haze, they uncover relics of a bygone technological era - interfaces from a time forgotten, yet not entirely lost. These remnants, dormant but alive with potential, beckon to Asena, the AI guardian of Tarkan's lineage. She becomes the key to unlocking their secrets, her circuits engaging in silent communion with the ancient machines.

As Asena connects with the terminals, they unleash a torrent of data, revealing the fractured past of the world. Each piece of information adds to a vast puzzle, and with every connection made, the reality of their history sharpens into focus.

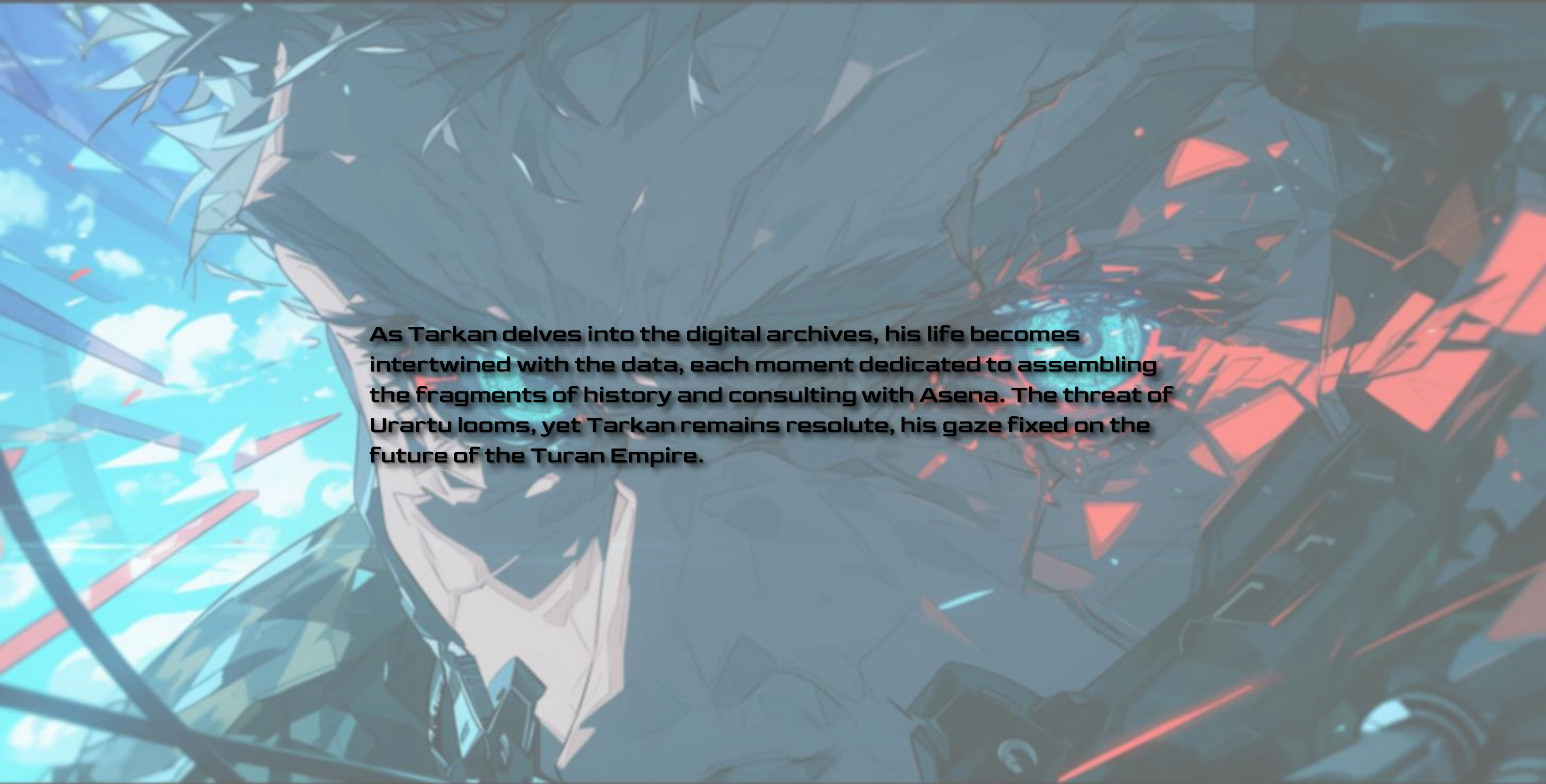
Tarkan, leading this awakening, watches as the glow of the screens illuminates the chronicles of civilizations both majestic and fallen. The history they piece together is rich with the triumphs and tragedies of empires that reached for the stars or were brought low by their own pride.

The burden of this newfound knowledge weighs heavily upon them. The records speak of dark deeds - of Urartu's atrocities, the scars left upon the Karabakh Khanate, and the looming specter of warlords that threaten to overshadow their hope.

Tarkan's heart, once lifted by the thrill of discovery, now contends with the shadows cast by the data. The recorded cruelty and chaos ignite within him a tempest of emotions, fueling a desire for justice. He realizes that the Ashina must do more than merely survive; they must become a beacon of order in a world besieged by tyranny.

Guided by Asena, Tarkan sets out to forge alliances with the scattered remnants of Turkic tribes. He reaches out to them with words of culture, language, and shared history, tapping into their collective longing for security and justice. Together, they begin to craft a new narrative - one of unity and strength.

They face numerous challenges, with rogue AIs and warlords obstructing their path. Yet, with each victory, Tarkan's legend grows, laying the foundations of the Ashina Khaganate. His rule, based on fairness and meritocracy, earns him the loyalty and trust of his allies, and together, they stand firm against the tide of chaos.



As Tarkan delves into the digital archives, his life becomes intertwined with the data, each moment dedicated to assembling the fragments of history and consulting with Asena. The threat of Urartu looms, yet Tarkan remains resolute, his gaze fixed on the future of the Turan Empire.













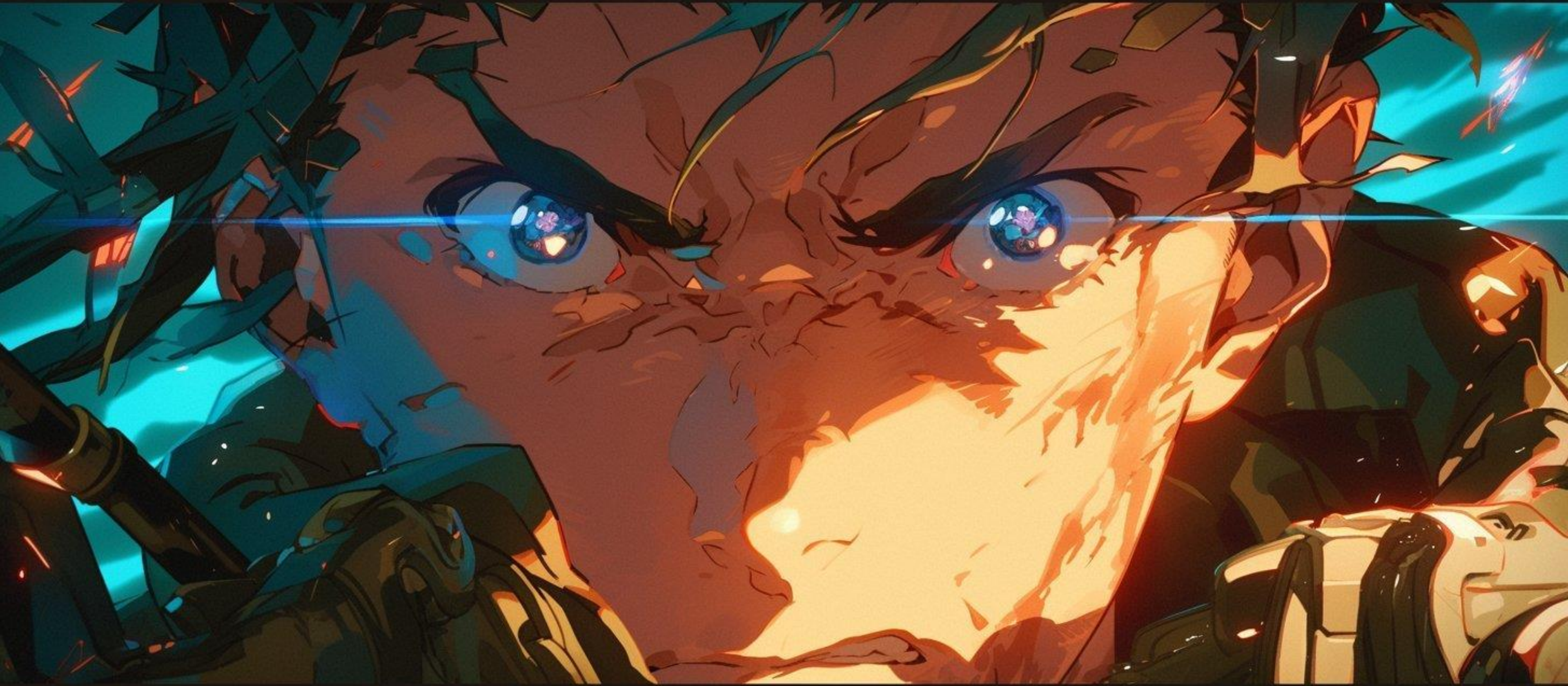


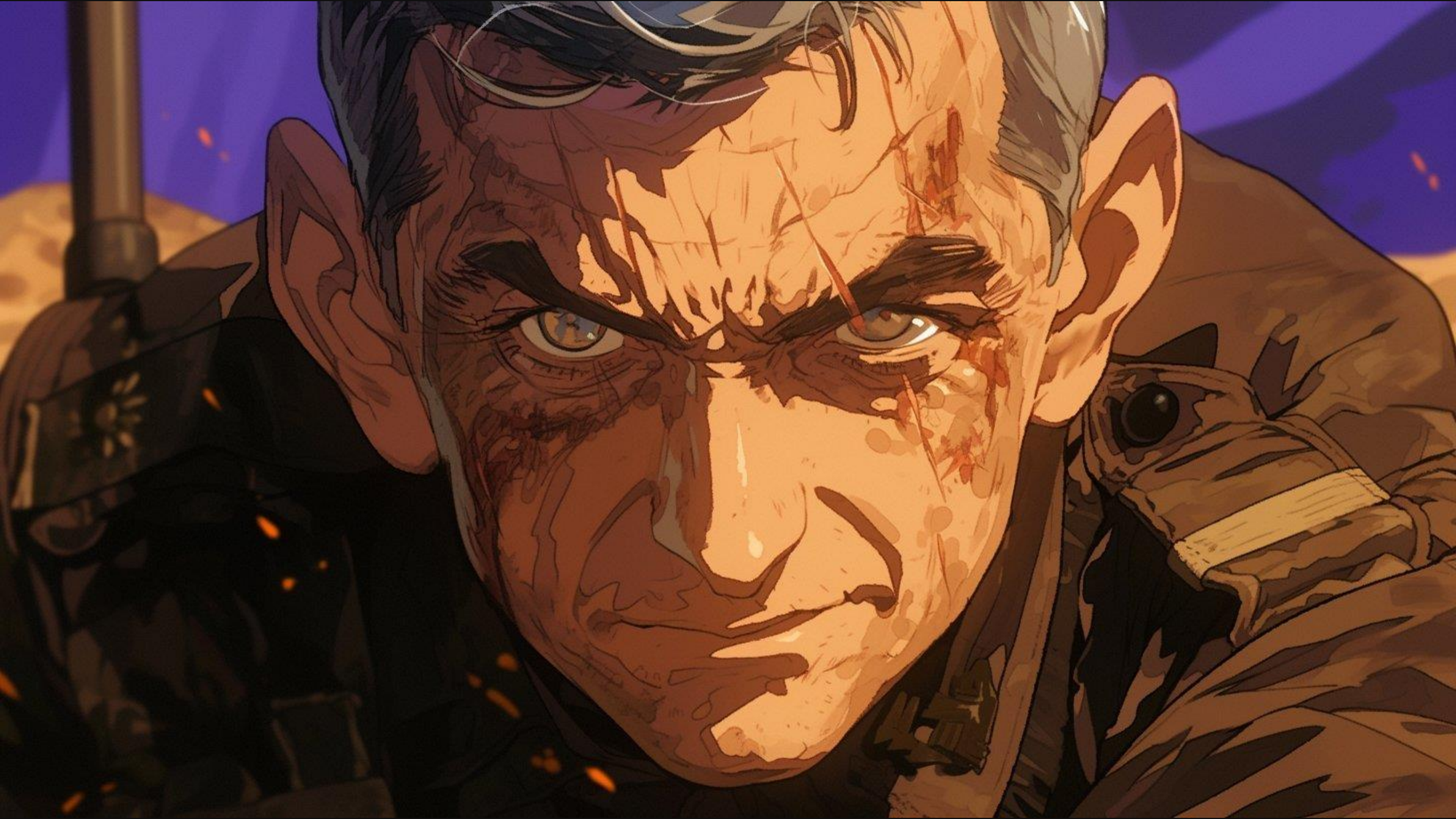
























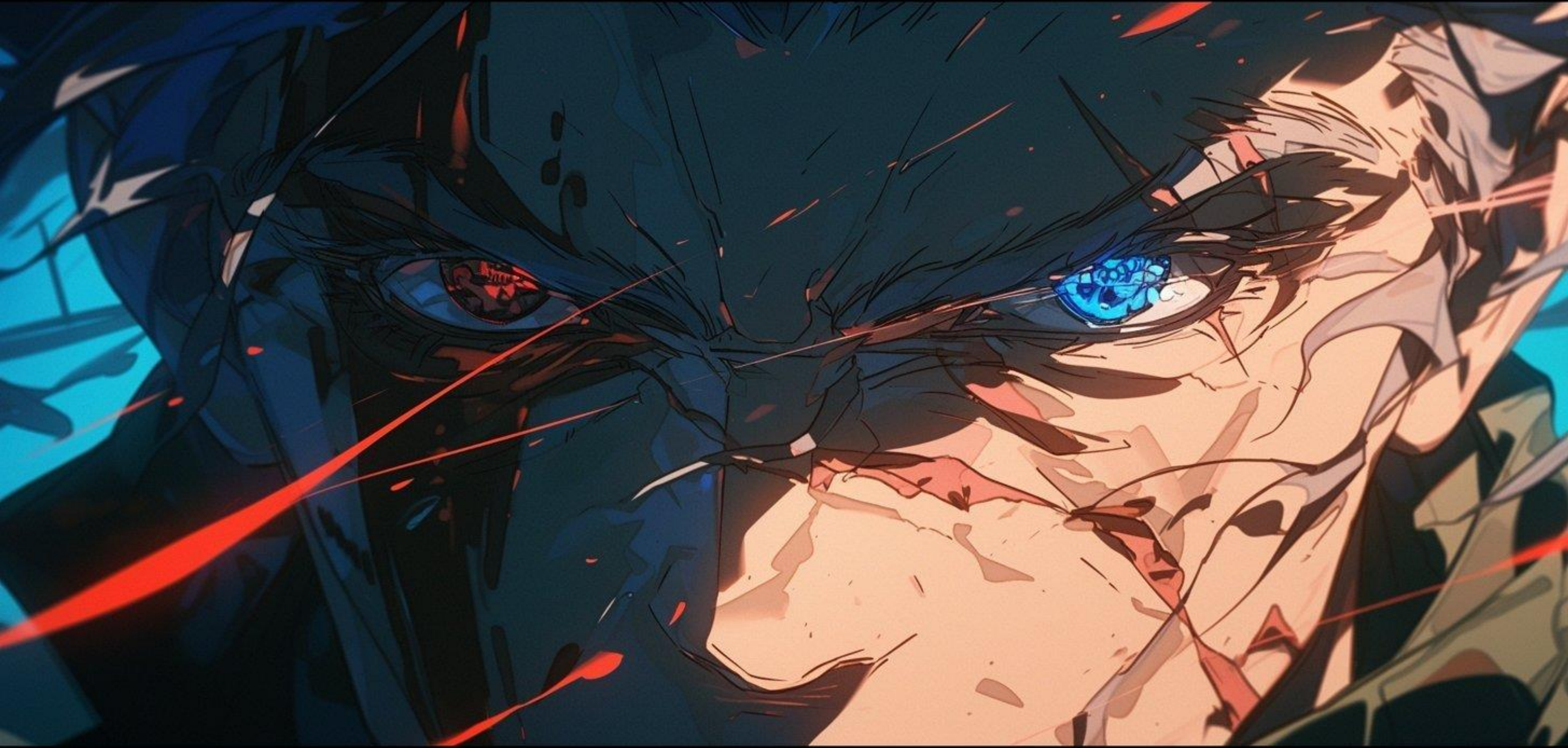




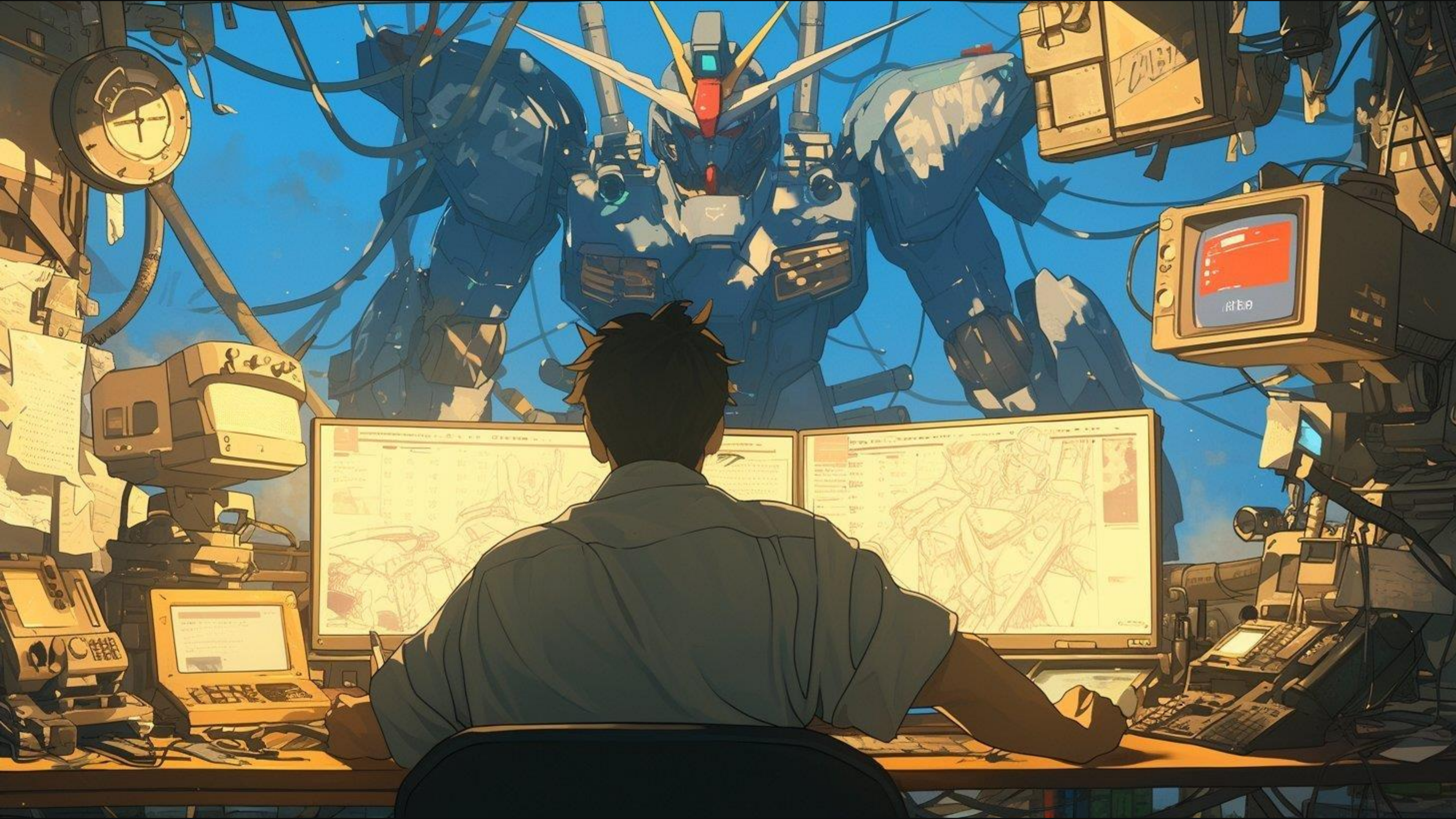


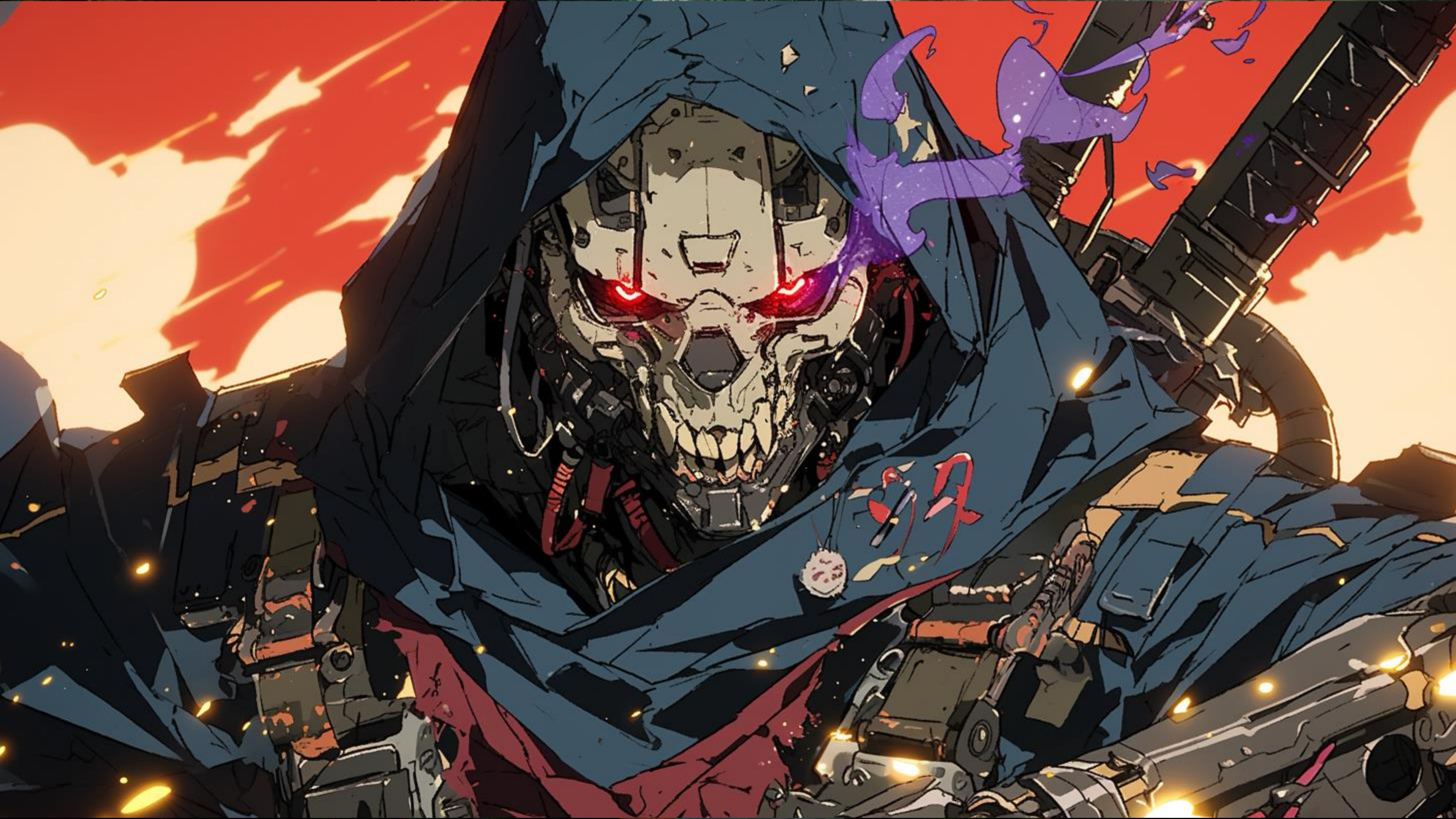


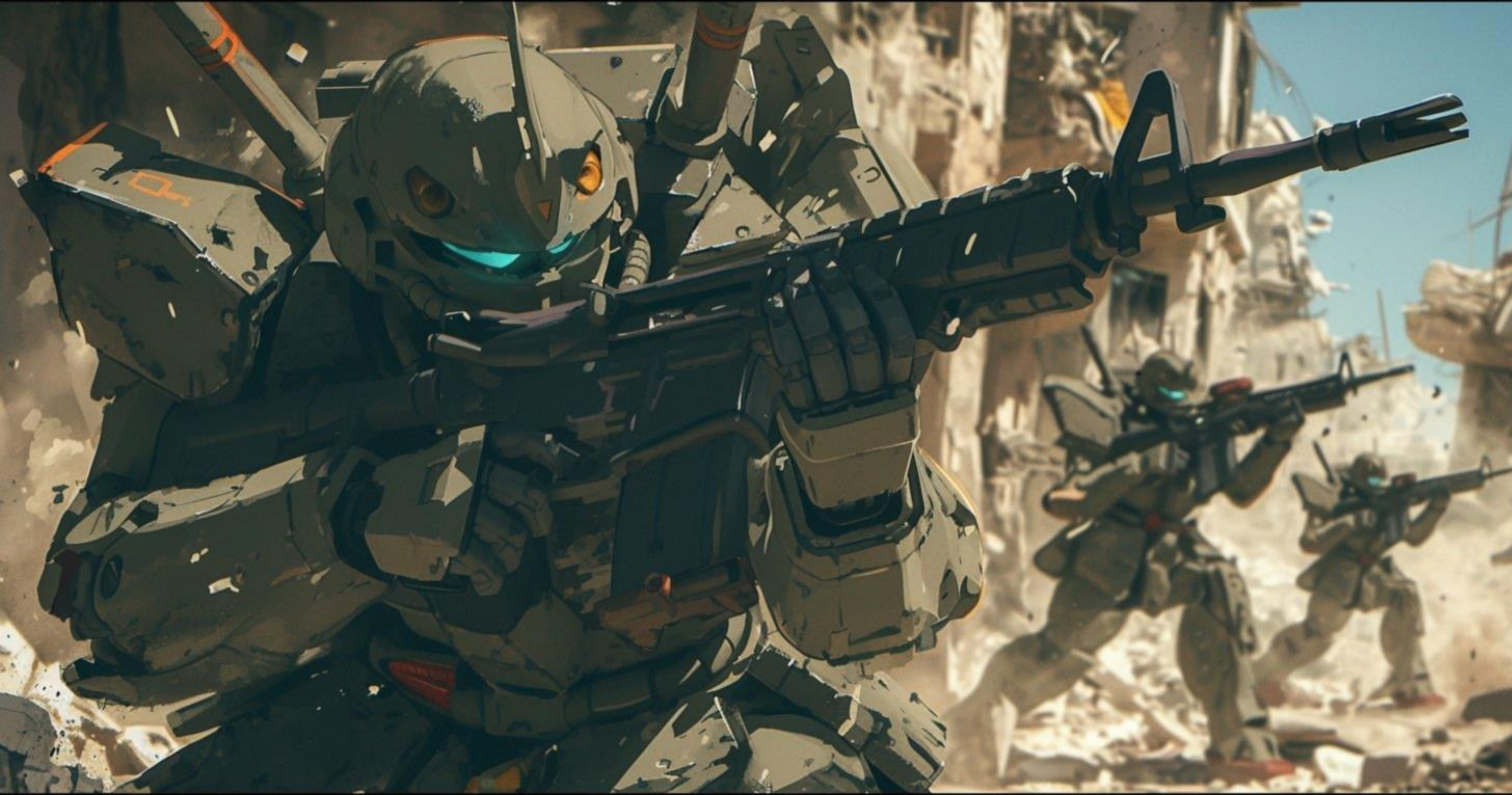












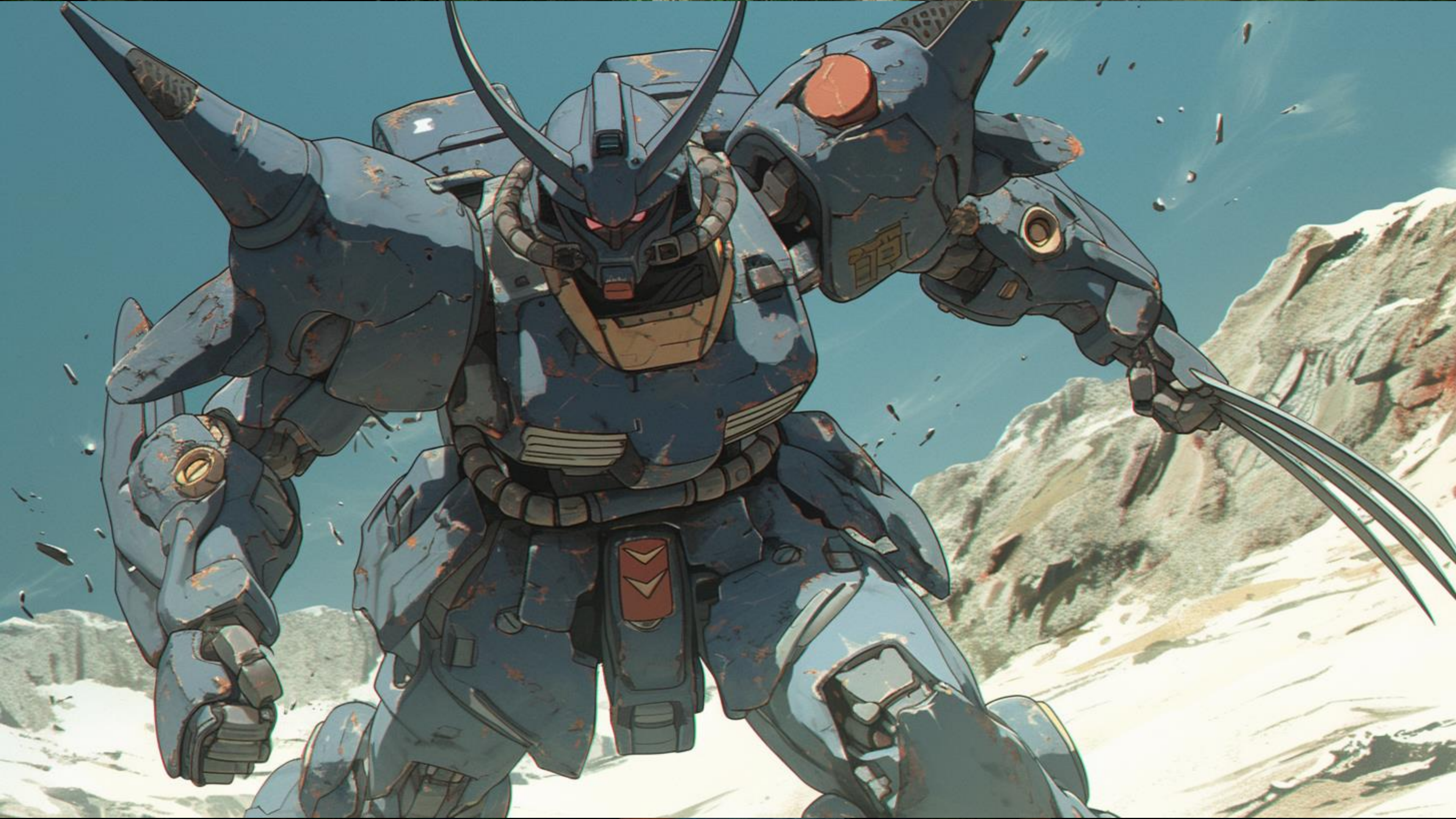






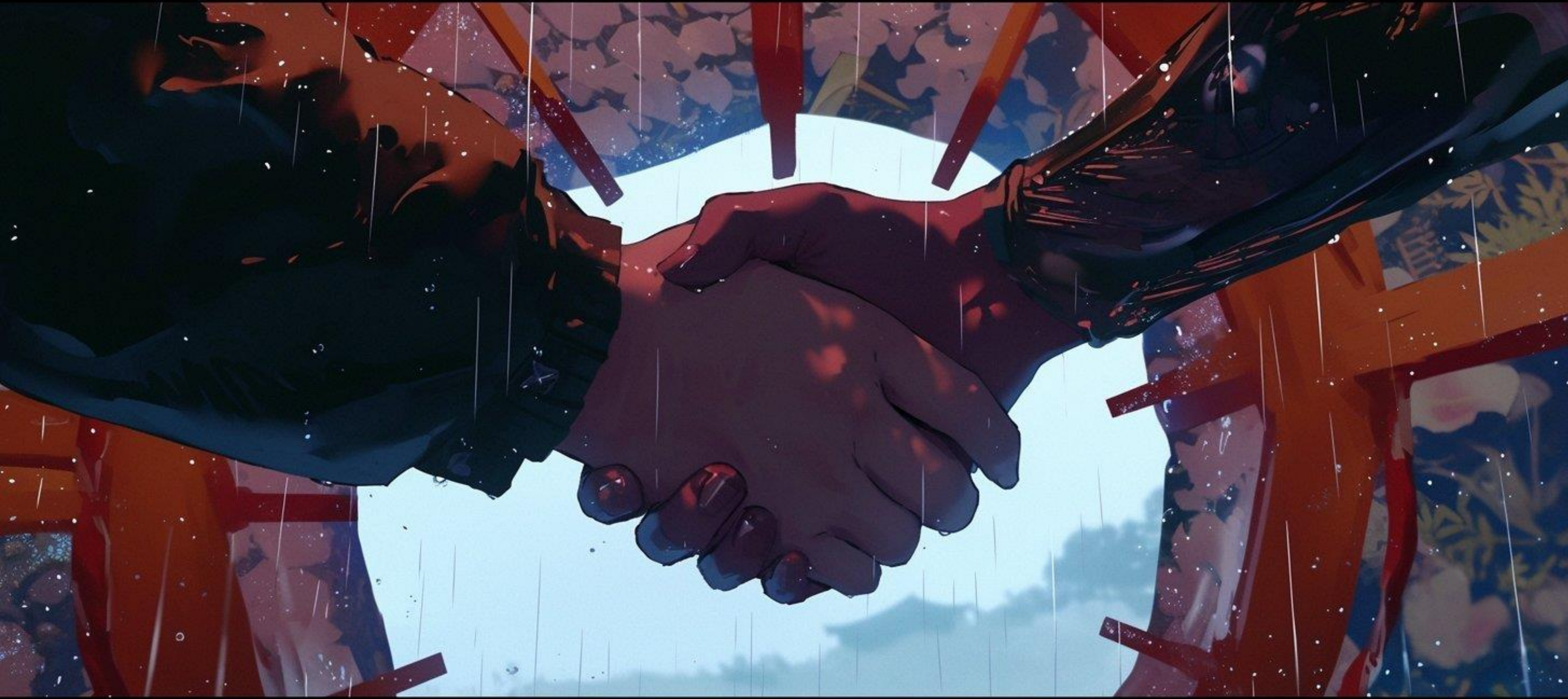












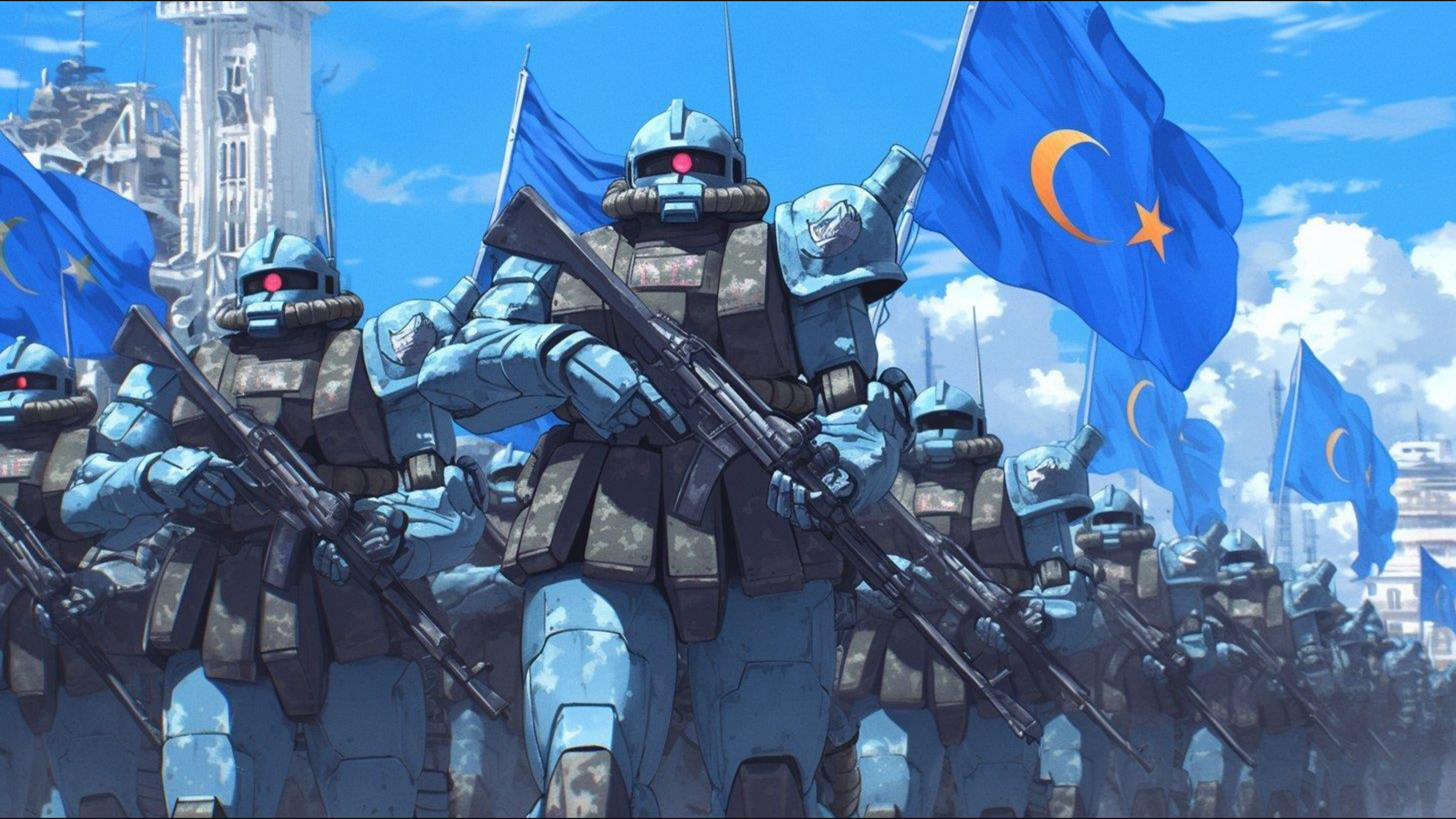












ACT 4:

The Shadow of Urartu – The Struggle for Karabakh

In the heart of the wasteland, the Karabakh Khanate stands as a land steeped in history, its people clinging to the remnants of a once-thriving culture. Controlled by the warlord Urartu, a mere satellite of the mighty occidental warlords, the Khanate has suffered under the yoke of occupation, its cries for freedom echoing unanswered across the decades.

Tarkan, the leader of the Ashina Khaganate, sets his sights on this beleaguered land, determined to reclaim it from Urartu's iron grip. The Kievan Rus, allies of Urartu but bound by a common goal with Tarkan for justice and the reestablishment of civilization, stand aside, their non-intervention a silent nod to Tarkan's noble quest.

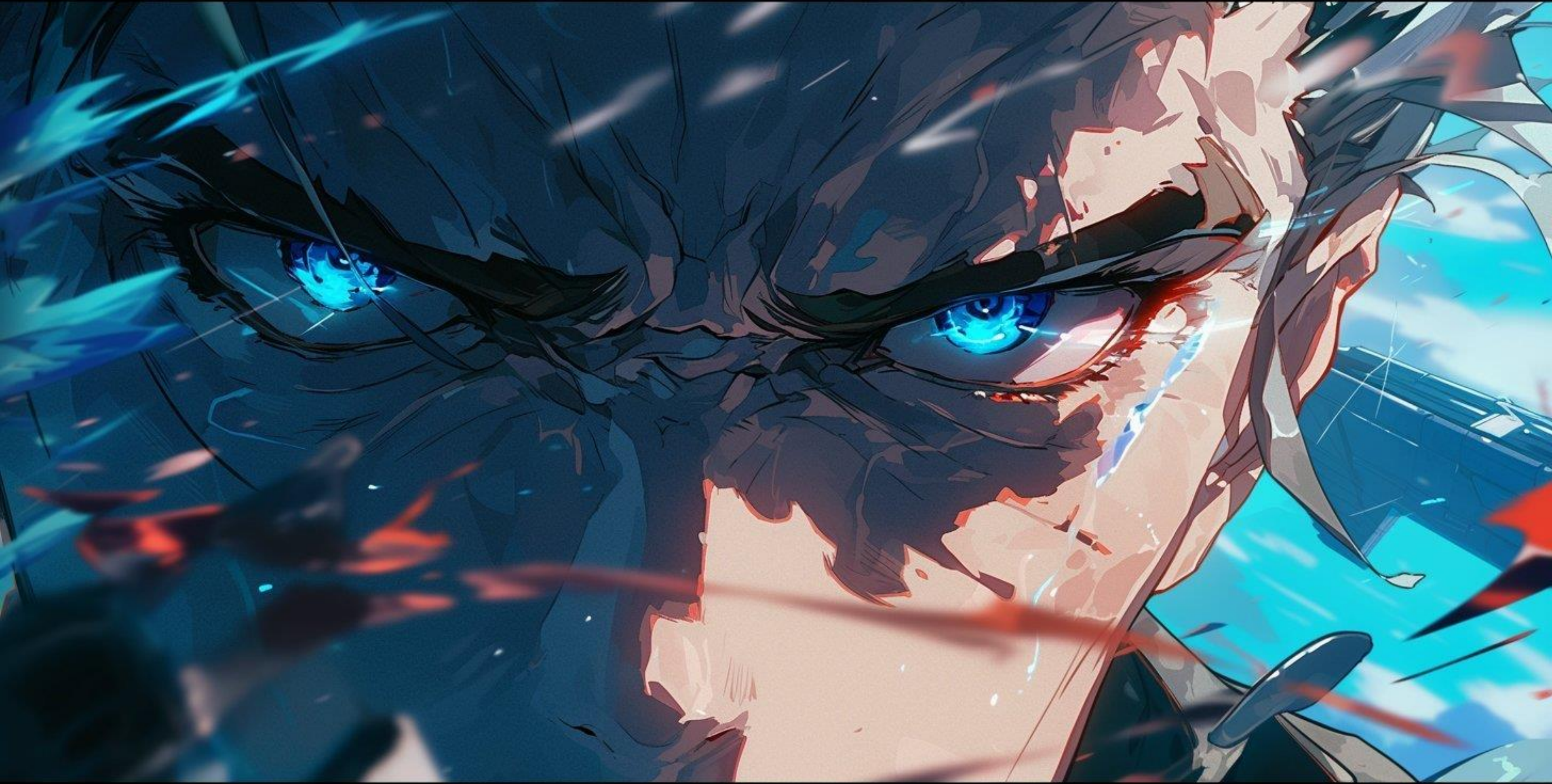
With gratitude and a shared vision of opposing tyranny, Tarkan forges an alliance with the Kievan Rus. Together, they stand united, a formidable force against the rule of warlords.

The Ashina, under Tarkan's command, sweep across the occupied territories of the Karabakh Khanate with a singular goal: liberation without devastation. They reclaim the land piece by piece, restoring it to its rightful heirs, all while carefully avoiding the center valley, the heart of civilian life, to prevent the kindling of an endless war.

Encircling the valley, the Ashina extend a hand of mercy, attempting to deliver food to the beleaguered civilians trapped within Urartu's grasp. Yet, the warlord Urartu, driven by desperation and deceit, barricades the valley, cutting off the very people he claims to protect. His actions are cruel, starving his own citizens, but his narrative is cunning, painting the Ashina as the architects of a genocide they never committed.

The propaganda machine churns, a psychological operation that twists the truth into a weapon against Tarkan and his people. The world is fed lies of an Ashina siege, of starvation and suffering at the hands of those who come as liberators. Urartu's manipulation is masterful, his tales of woe a distorted mirror reflecting his own sins onto the Ashina.










The Warlords (投名狀 / 投名状)
2007 - Soundtrack (OST)
[0:00 – 0:41 min]









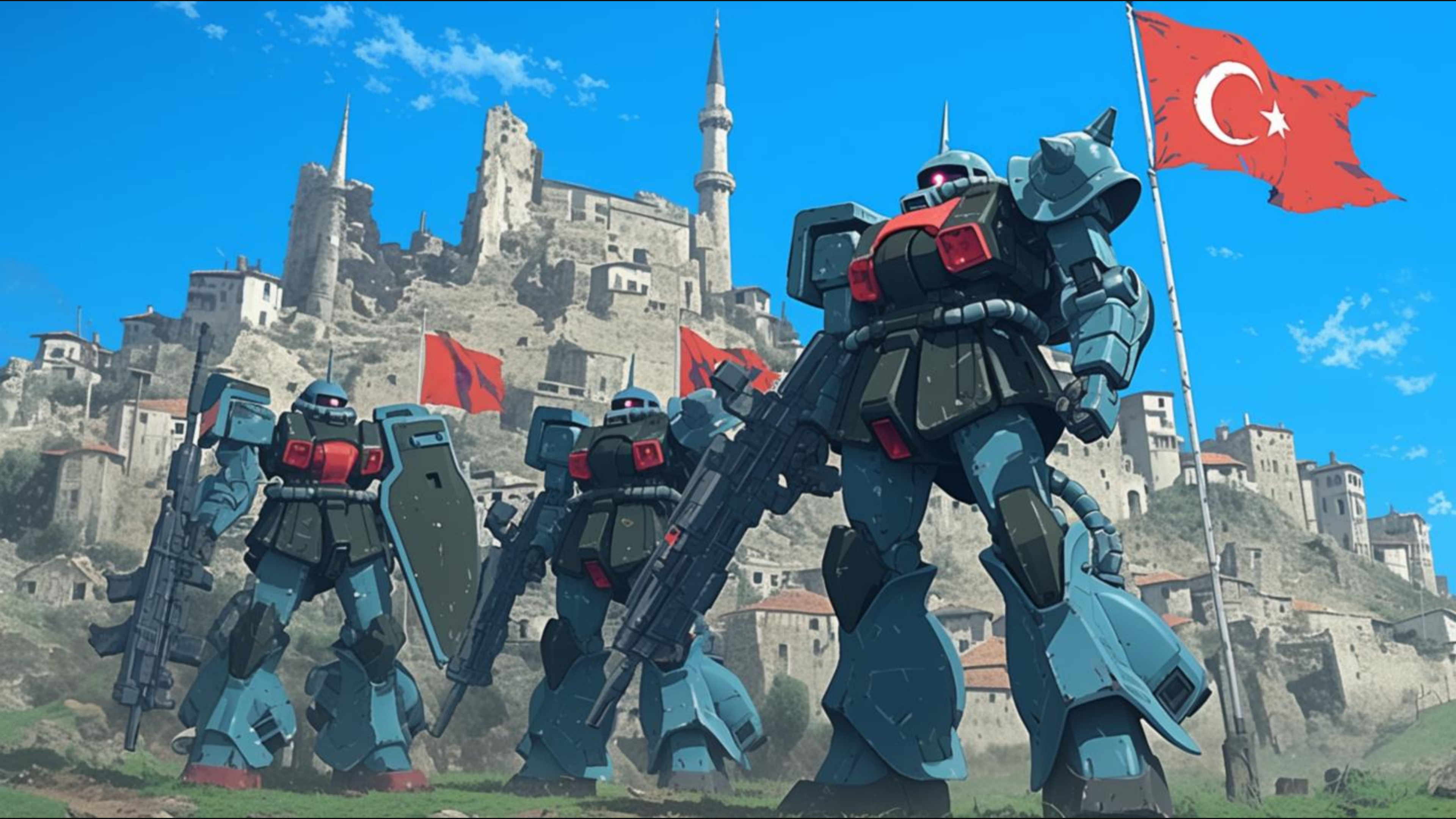




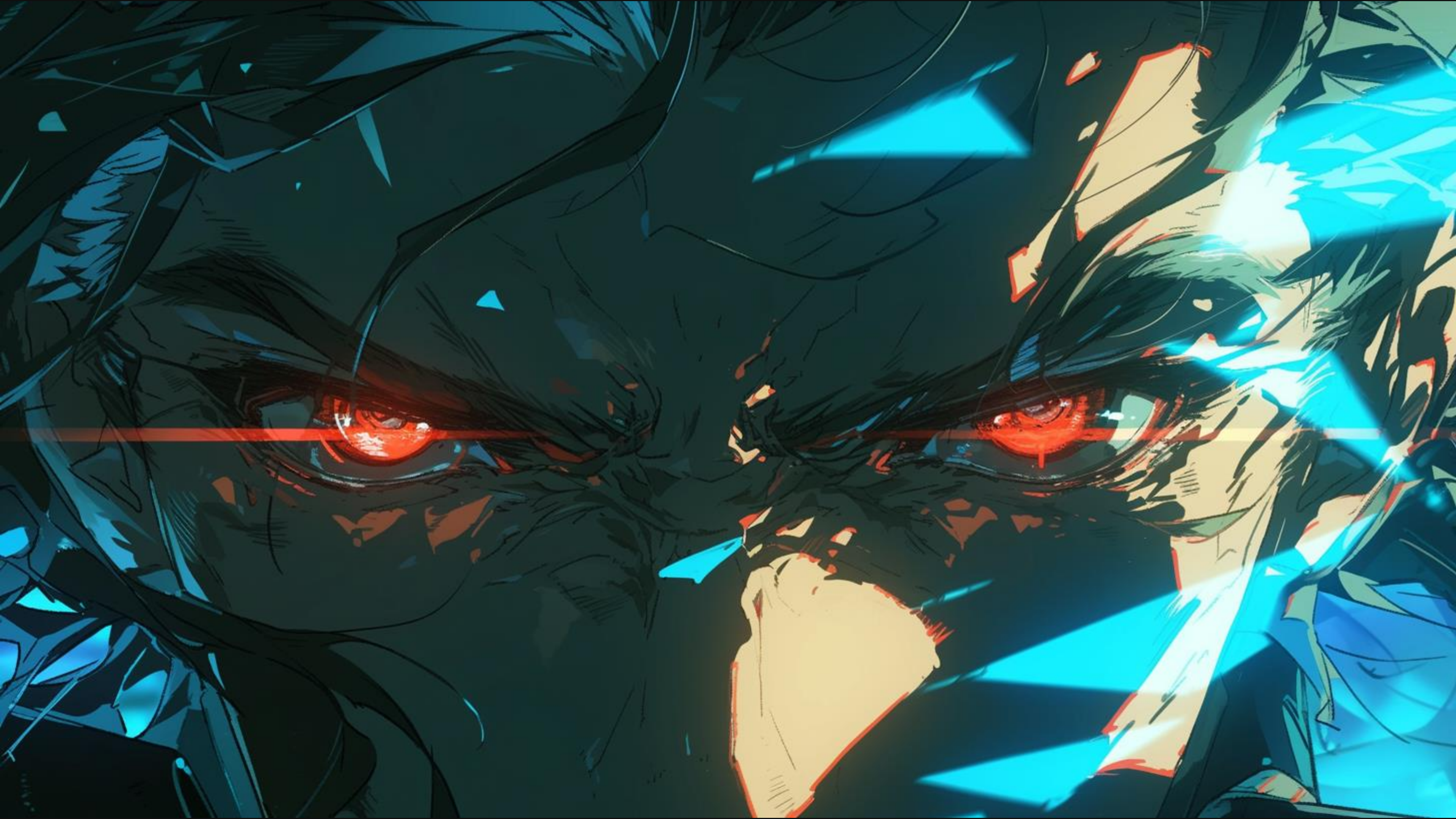




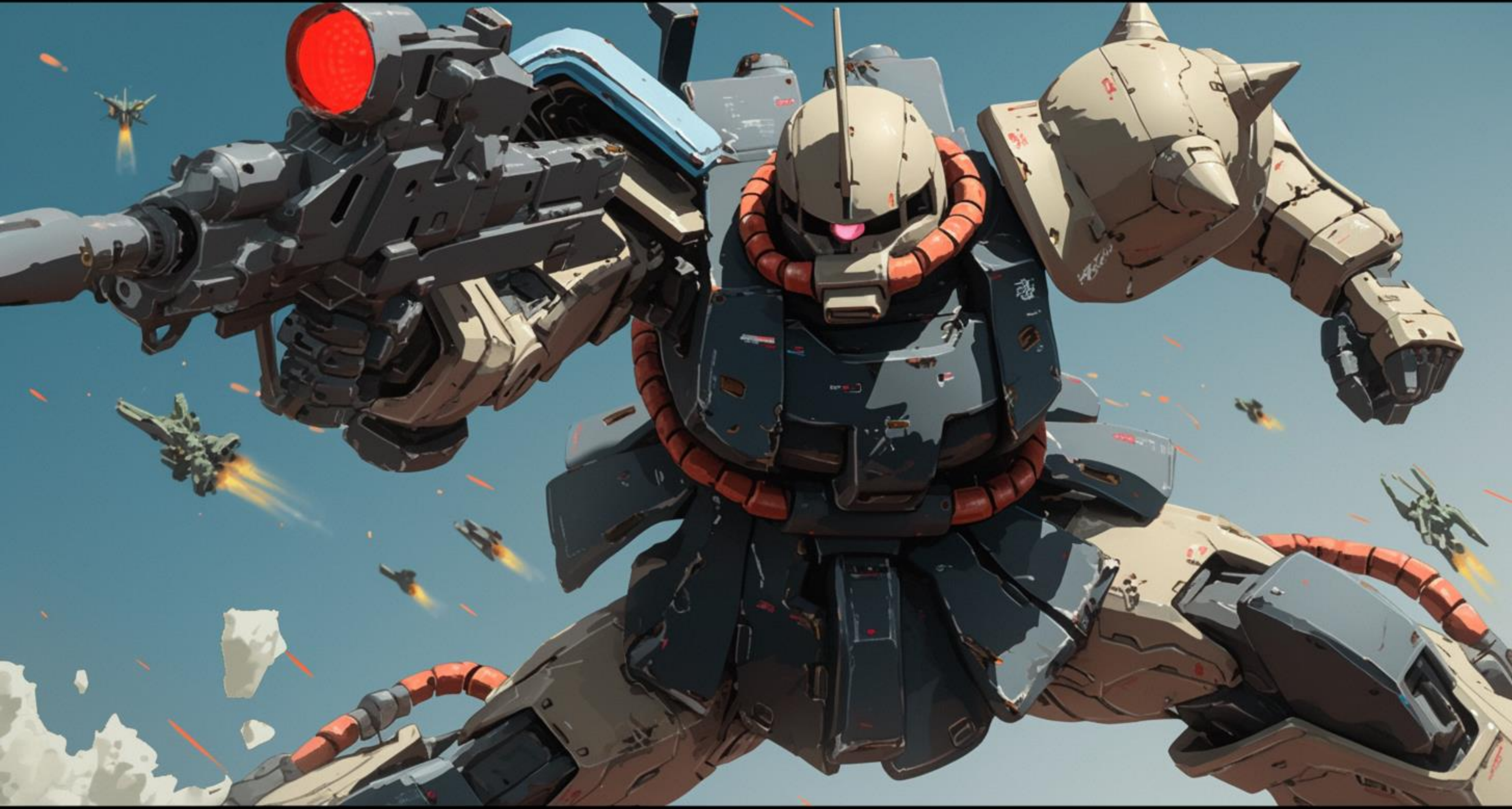




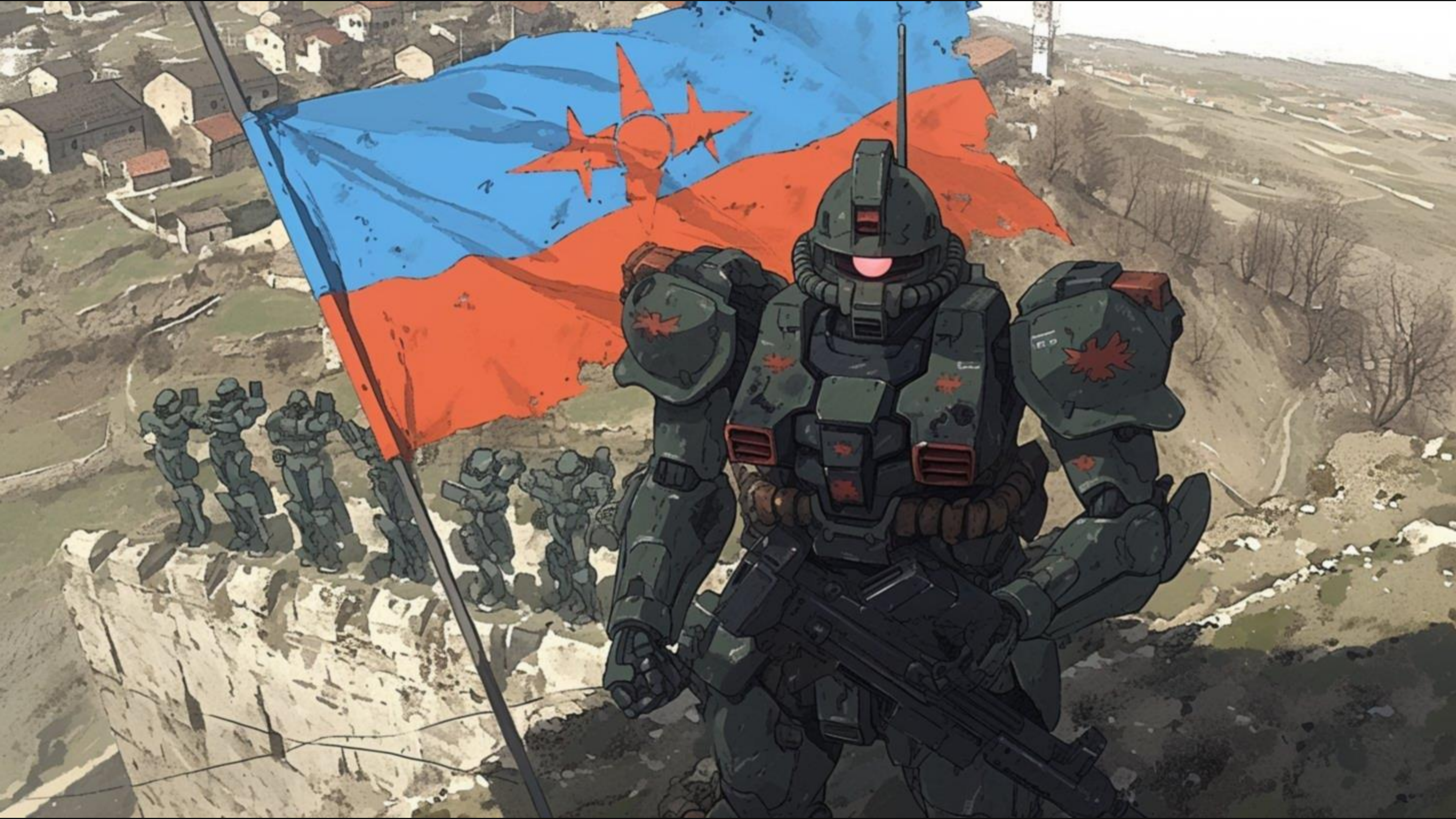




















Tarkan, faced with this moral quagmire, makes a harrowing decision. To save the children, to save the future, the Ashina must act. They initiate a blitzkrieg, a lightning war that pierces the heart of the valley with surgical precision. The Ashina's forces move swiftly, their advance a blur to the onlookers, a storm that sweeps away the blockade with minimal harm. They dismantle Urartu's defenses, their tactics honed by the desire to preserve life, even that of their enemy.

By the end of the blitzkrieg, the center valley is reclaimed, and Urartu's forces are defeated. The civilians, once hostages in their own homes, are now free, their chains shattered by the very hands Urartu claimed were clenched in fists of war. The Ashina's victory is not marked by the spoils of war, but by the lives preserved and the dignity restored.

The Karabakh Khanate, under the Ashina's wing, begins to breathe again, its people ready to rebuild in the spirit of freedom and justice. Tarkan's strategy, marked by compassion and cunning, turns the tide of propaganda, revealing the truth of the Ashina's intent. The siege and the subsequent liberation stand as a testament to Tarkan's leadership, a delicate dance of war and peace, a balance between the need for swift action and the imperative to protect the innocent.







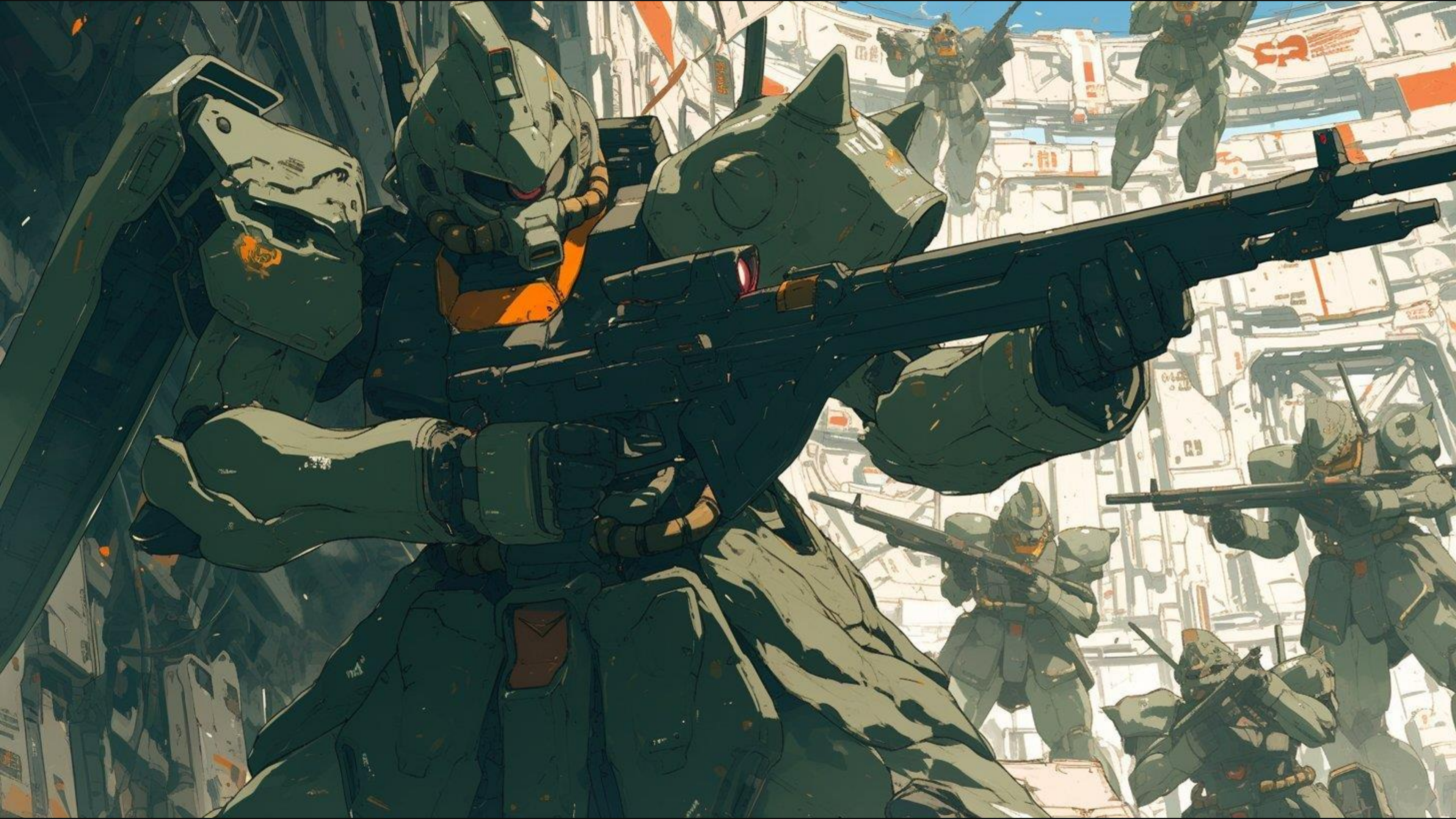






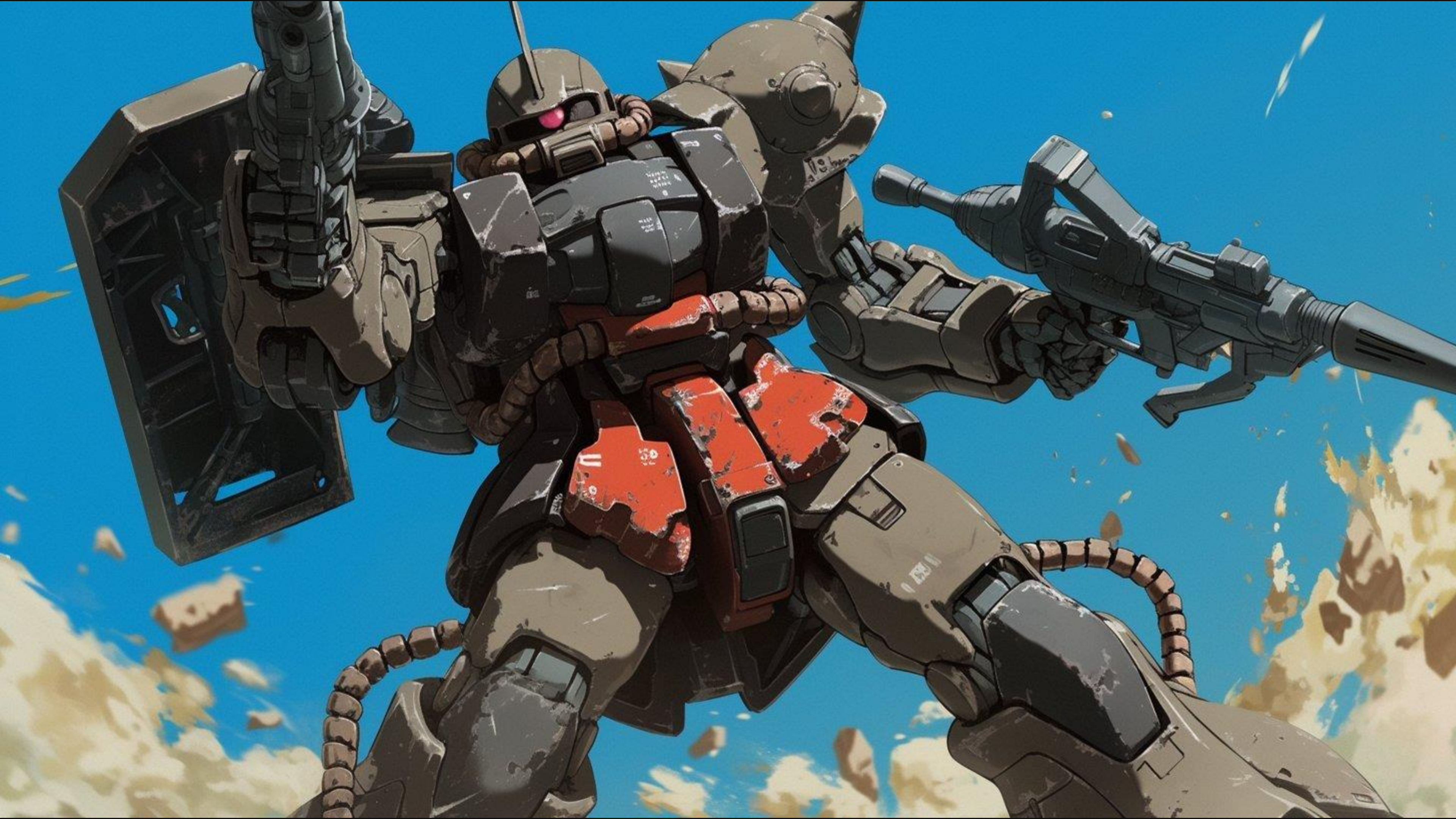



The Warlords (投名狀 / 投名状)
2007 - Soundtrack (OST)
[1:18 – 2:55 min]



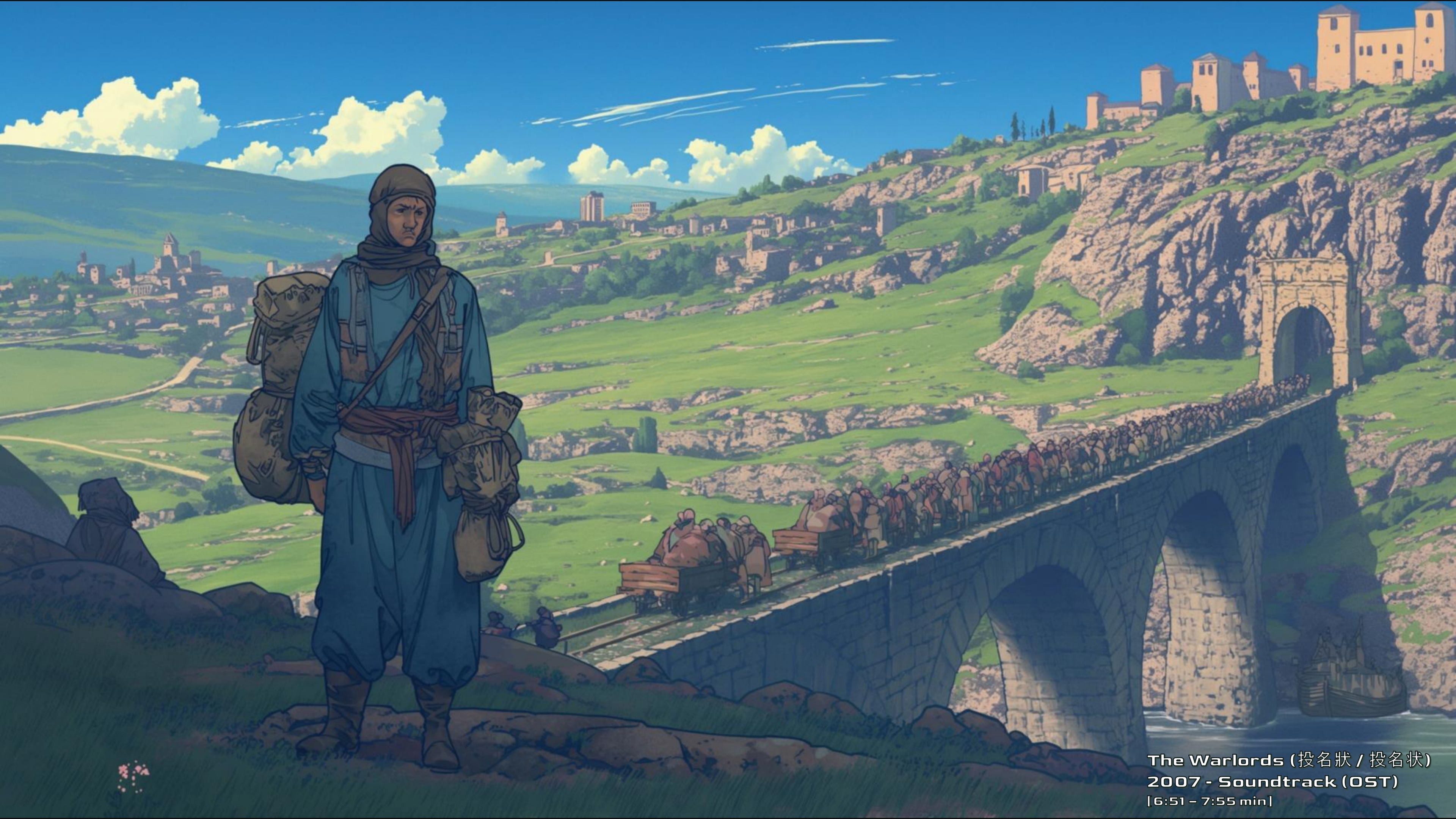











The Warlords (投名狀 / 投名状)
2007 - Soundtrack (OST)
|6:51 – 7:55 min|





ACT 5:

The Great Game of Vinland – The Cossack Hetmanate's Stand

As the dawn of a new era approaches, the Cossack Hetmanate stands at the crossroads of history. Once an integral part of the Kievan Rus, the Hetmanate now asserts its independence, proclaiming a distinct identity and language. This bold declaration is not born of a genuine desire for sovereignty but is a maneuver orchestrated by the occidental warlords, themselves satellites of the Great Vinland Warlord. Their support for the Hetmanate's cultural purge aims to erase the influence of the Kievan Rus, threatening the very fabric of the borderland's society.

The tension along the border is palpable, as those who identify with the Kievan Rus feel their heritage slipping away under the Hetmanate's aggressive policies. It is a silent war, one fought not with weapons but with words and laws, seeking to rewrite history and redefine identity.

Amidst this silent war, a violent act shatters the fragile peace. A mob, driven by a fascist ideology and a hatred for the Kievan Rus, descends upon a prayer house - a sanctuary for those who resist the Hetmanate's cultural assault. The mob sets the building ablaze, trapping the civilians inside. The fire consumes the structure, and with it, the lives of those who sought refuge within its walls. The tragedy serves as a brutal message from the Hetmanate: resistance to their new order will not be tolerated.

The Kievan Rus, recognizing the trap set by the occidental warlords, seek to avoid direct confrontation. They understand that to engage hastily would play into Vinland's hands, weakening their position and potentially leading to their downfall. Instead, they focus on strengthening their military capabilities and forging strategic alliances. Among these allies is Tarkan and the Ashina, who share a vision of justice and the restoration of civilization. Together, they secure their respective borders, creating a united front against the machinations of the occidental warlords and the Great Vinland Warlord.

Despite the risks, the Kievan Rus launch a calculated invasion into the Hetmanate, aiming to dismantle the fascist leadership without harming the civilian population. They advance with caution, aware that each step forward is a step into Vinland's trap, yet resolute in their mission to restore order.

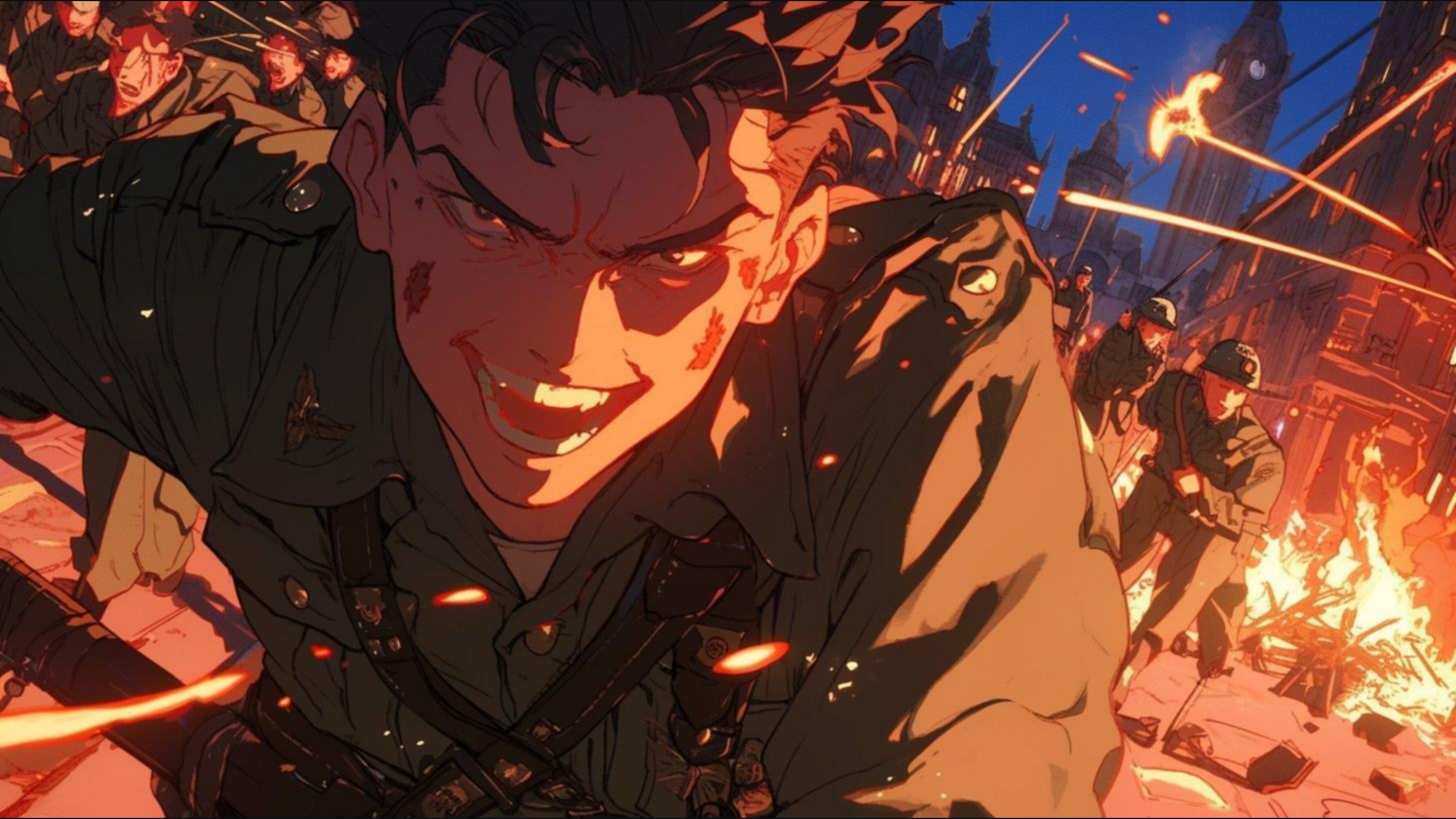
The Hetmanate's response to the invasion is a desperate and tragic ploy. Civilians are armed and indoctrinated with propaganda, glorifying their resistance against the Kievan Rus. Tarkan, observing the unfolding disaster, warns of the dire consequences. By arming the civilians, the Hetmanate effectively transforms them into combatants, stripping them of their non-combatant status and making them legitimate targets for the Kievan Rus military.



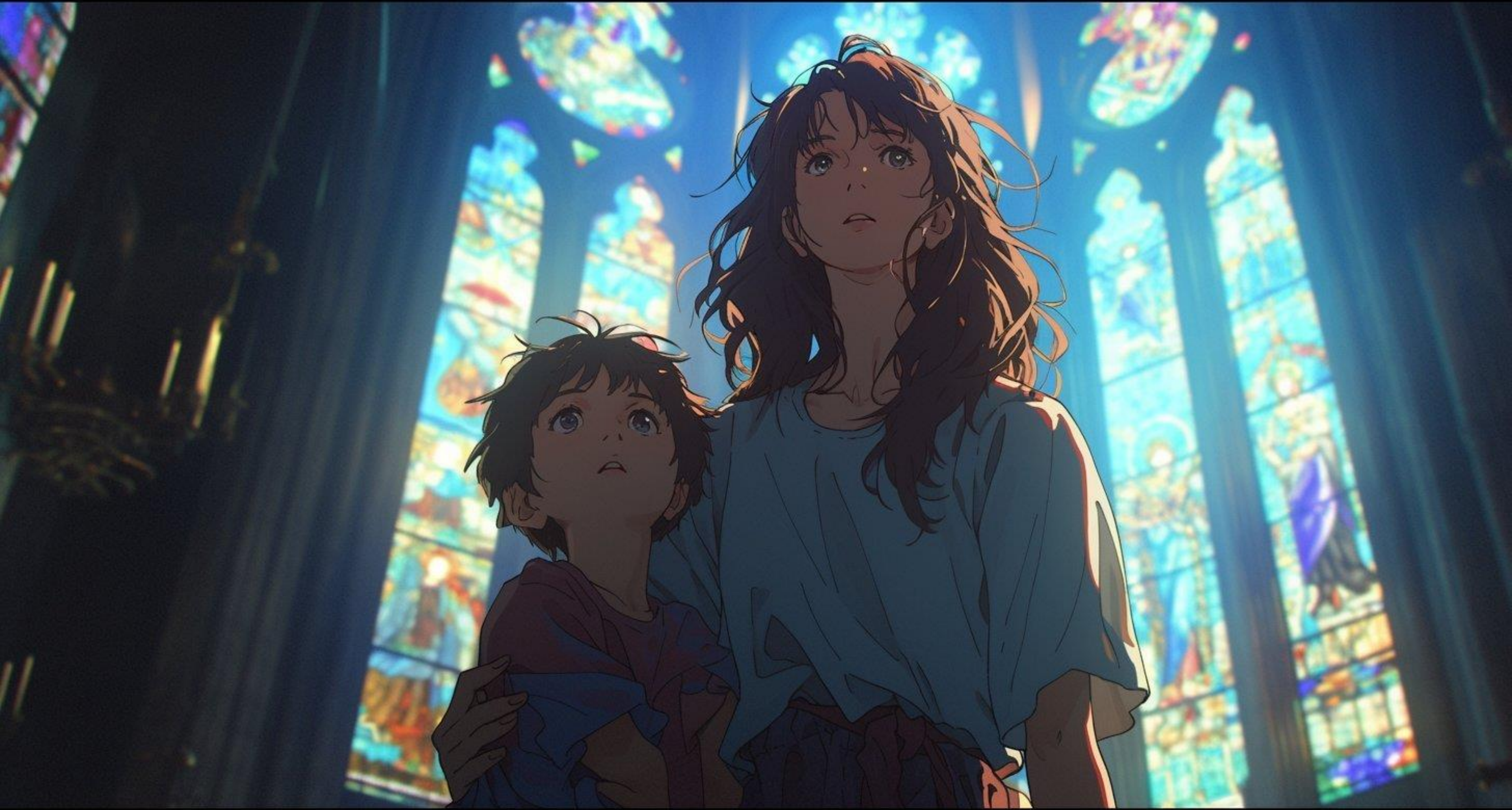


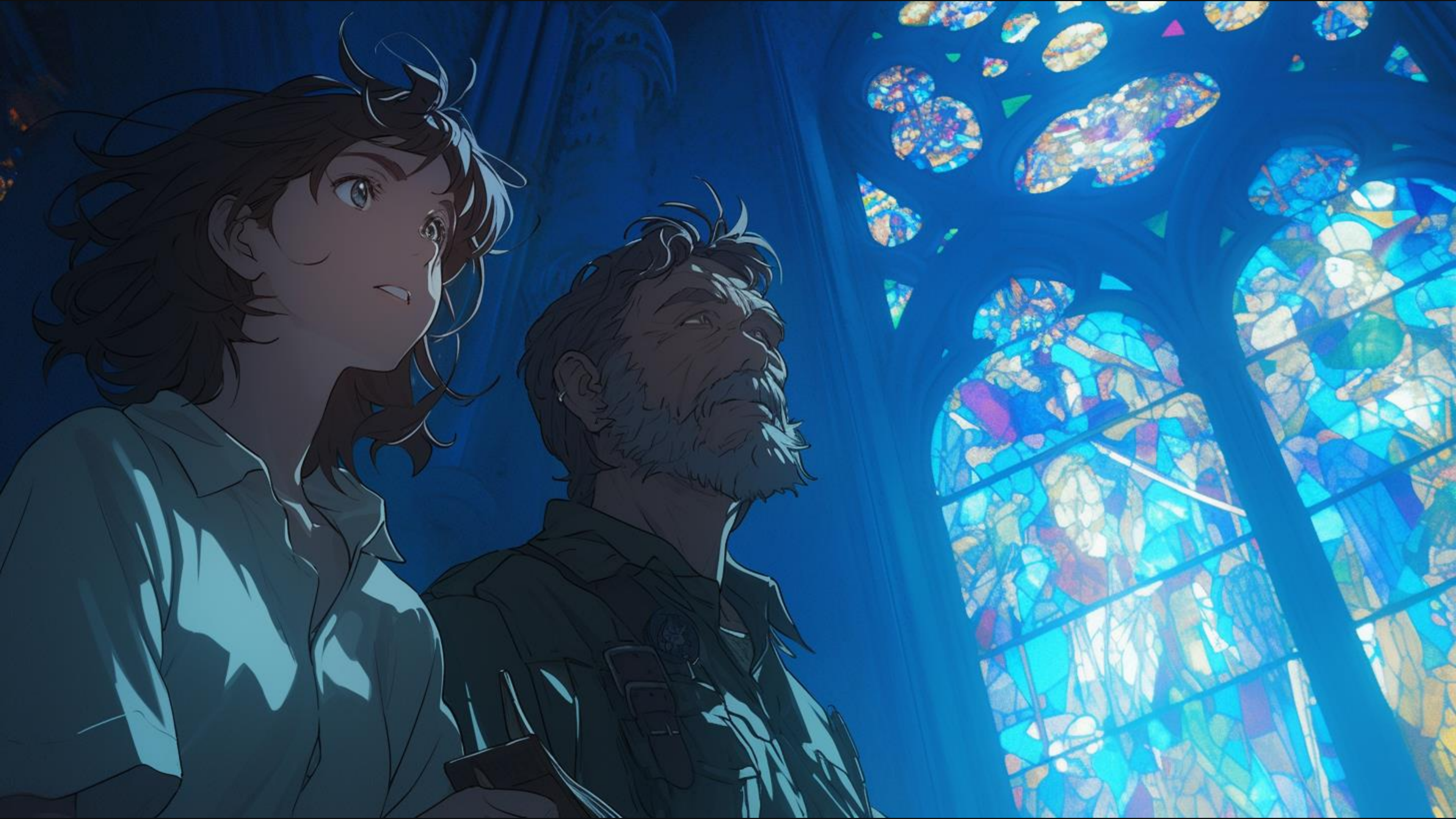























Piotr Illitch Tchaikovsky - Hymn of the Cherubim
The USSR Ministry Of Culture Chamber Choir
Sacred Treasures - Choral Masterworks From Russia
Hearts Of Space - 1998











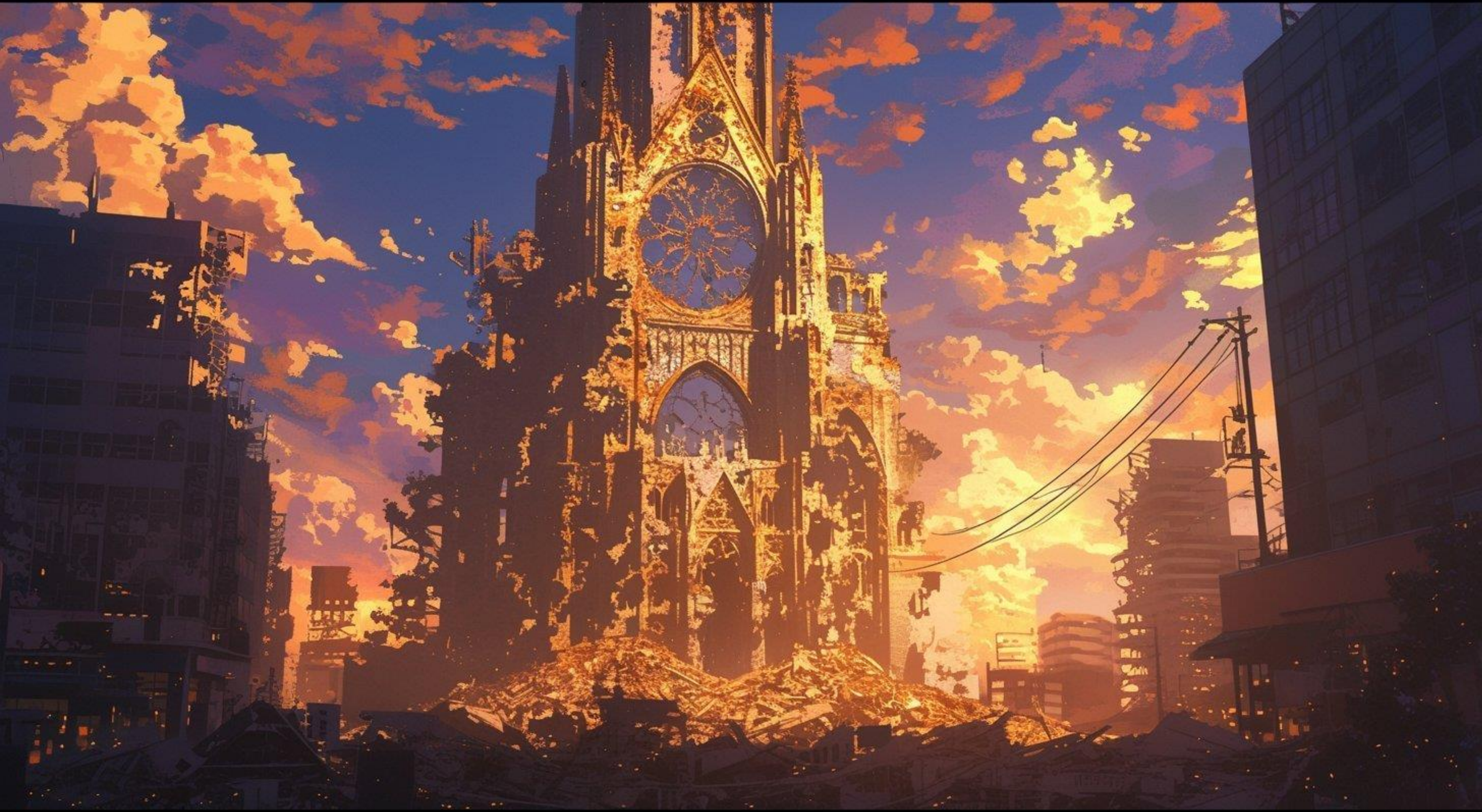








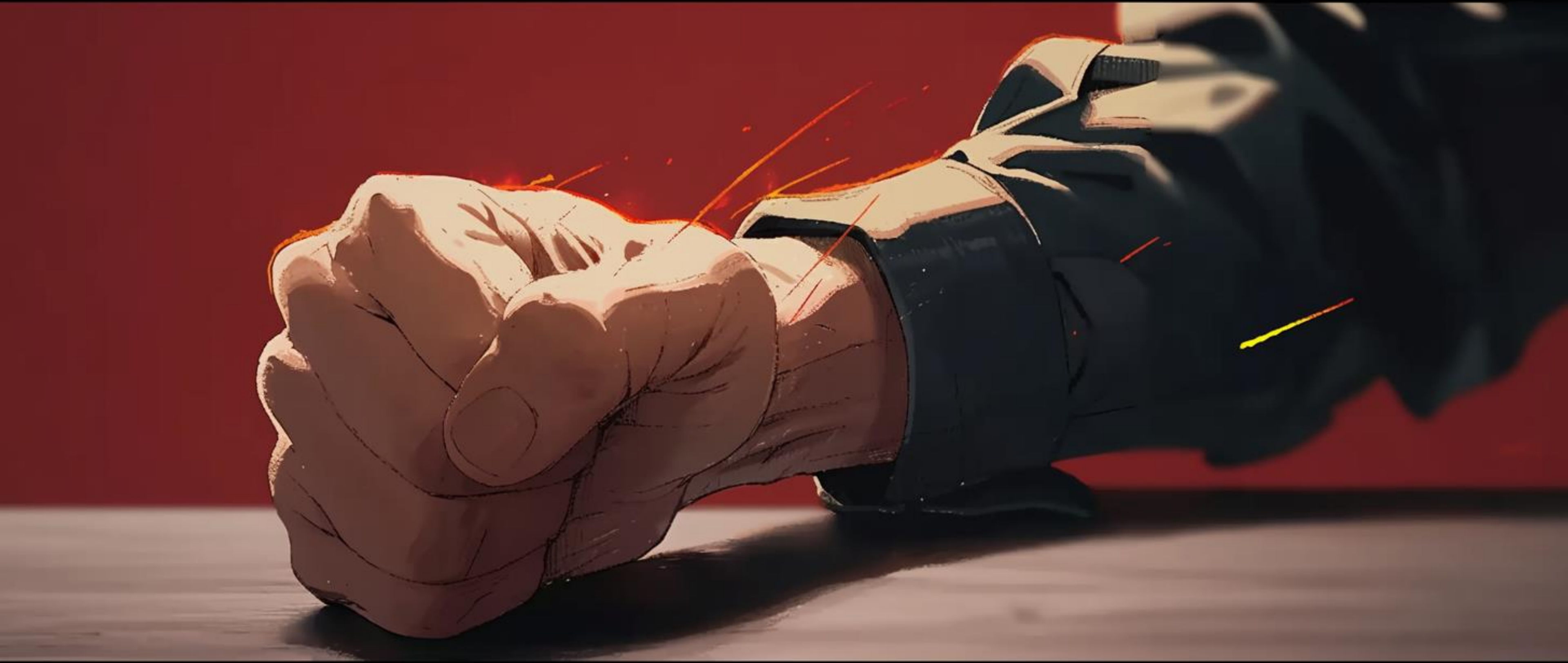















Red Army Choir - The Sacred War






















S
10





The Kievan Rus, a force of order amidst the chaos, find their advance into the Cossack Hetmanate's territory met not with armed resistance, but with the stoic bravery of unarmed civilians. These men and women, standing firm to protect their homeland, become unwitting pawns in Vinland's propaganda machine. The Great Vinland Warlord and the occidental warlords spin tales of valor, praising the civilians' courage in the face of the advancing Rus, all the while obscuring the perilous transformation of these civilians into active combatants.

The Cossack Hetmanate, bolstered by military support from their occidental allies, engages in open conflict with the Kievan Rus, who exercise considerable restraint to avoid civilian casualties. The Rus's campaign is one of precision and caution, aimed at dismantling the Hetmanate's fascist regime while preserving the lives of the innocent.

As the Kievan Rus issue warnings about the Hetmanate's use of civilians as human shields, they undertake a humanitarian mission to evacuate the children of the Cossack civilians from the impending war zone. This act of mercy underscores the Rus's commitment to safeguarding the future, even as they prepare to intensify their military efforts.

Once the children are safely removed from harm's way, the Kievan Rus escalate their operations. The conflict, now devoid of the most vulnerable, becomes a full-scale war. The Hetmanate's forces, now clearly defined as combatants, face the disciplined might of the Kievan Rus. The warlords' propaganda continues to blare, glorifying the resistance and vilifying the Rus, but the narrative is now transparent, the motives behind it as clear as the daylight.

Smaller warlords, eager to see the conflict prolonged, funnel weapons and supplies into the Hetmanate, all supplied by the Great Vinland Warlord. This influx of arms is a double-edged sword, sustaining the Hetmanate's fight but also binding them ever tighter to Vinland's will.

The Ashina, led by Tarkan, maintain a delicate balance. Allied with both the Kievan Rus and the Cossack Hetmanate, they navigate the treacherous waters of internal conflict with a desire to stay neutral. Their focus remains on protecting their own borders and people, while advocating for peace and diplomacy to resolve the conflict that threatens to tear their world apart.

The Kievan Rus, with the support of the Ashina, stand resolute against the Cossack Hetmanate and the shadowy influence of Vinland. It is a testament to the complexity of war, where the lines between right and wrong are blurred, and the cost of peace is weighed against the lives of those caught in the crossfire. The Great Game of Vinland continues, but the Kievan Rus and the Ashina remain steadfast in their quest for a just and lasting order.











































ACT 6:

Rise of the Turan Empire

In the vast expanse of the war-torn steppe, a new dawn breaks, heralding the rise of a power destined to change the course of history. The Turan Empire, emerging from the ashes of relentless conflict, stands as a testament to the unbreakable will of its people and the visionary leadership of Tarkan, now honored with the title Cengiz Han.

The grand Kurultai, a historic assembly of the tribes, gathers beneath the endless sky. Leaders, warriors, and sages from every corner of the steppe come together, their faces etched with the scars of battles past, their eyes alight with the promise of a united future. It is here, in this congregation of the empire's heart and soul, that a new chapter begins.

Cengiz Han, once known simply as Tarkan, rises to address the assembly. His voice, tempered by the trials of war, carries the weight of destiny. He speaks of unity - not as a mere alliance of convenience but as the melding of diverse tribes into a single, indomitable force. Under his banner of justice and order, the tribes find common ground, their differences woven into the strength of the empire.

The constitution, crafted in the crucible of war, is a beacon of the empire's values. It is a document born of necessity and hope, outlining the principles that will guide the Turan Empire into the future. It promises justice for all, enshrining the rights of the individual while emphasizing the collective responsibility of each citizen to the empire.

As the Kurultai ratifies the constitution, a sense of solemnity pervades the gathering. This is more than a mere formality; it is the foundation of a civilization that aspires to be a beacon of hope in a fractured world. The constitution is not just words on parchment; it is a vow, a sacred trust between Cengiz Han and his people.

The empire's rise is marked by the clashing of swords being sheathed, the staccato rhythm of drums that echo the heartbeat of the steppe, and the murmur of voices that blend into a chorus of unity. The tribes, once disparate, now stand together as one people, one empire, ready to face whatever challenges the future may hold.

Cengiz Han, with the Kurultai's blessing, sets forth policies that foster growth and prosperity. He establishes academies to nurture wisdom, forges trade routes to encourage commerce, and builds fortresses to ensure security. The Turan Empire is to be a realm where culture flourishes, where knowledge is as valued as steel, and where the arts are as revered as martial prowess.











EPILOGUE:

The Lone Vigil of Cengiz Han

In the quiet twilight of the empire, a solitary figure cuts across the vastness of the steppe. Cengiz Han, once known as Tarkan, rides his hover bike through the lands he has united. The hum of the engine is a steady companion to his thoughts, which wander the corridors of his mind, seeking the memories that elude his grasp. The landscape blurs past him, a mosaic of the empire's might and beauty. He stops atop a gentle rise, the expanse of the Turan Empire stretching before him. In the distance, the laughter of children tumbles through the air, a melody of peace that resonates across the fields. Families gather, their joy a testament to the tranquility that Cengiz Han has fought so fiercely to secure.

Yet, for Cengiz Han, this serenity is a bittersweet symphony. He has shaped an era of peace, carved out a sanctuary for his people in a world rife with turmoil. But the cost of this peace is a burden he carries alone. The mantle of leadership, the crown of a universal ruler, demands constant vigilance - a flame that must never be allowed to extinguish.

As he watches over his people, Cengiz Han knows that the peace they enjoy is the fruit of his unending labor. The laughter of the children, the contentment of the families - they are the reasons he continues to stand guard, the reasons he burns with the duty of protection.

The empire may be his legacy, but the path of a ruler is a solitary one. The memories he seeks, the peace he craves, these are the sacrifices he has made for the greater good. Cengiz Han has accepted his fate, embracing the fire of responsibility that ensures the empire's flame will burn bright for generations to come.




THE END
OF BOOK 3
Inspired by:
Turkic Culture
historical events
and Gundam Anime
created with AI:
Open Ai, Microsoft, Midjourney